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THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.

SOUVENIRS.

Land of the nopal and maguey—home of Moctezuma and Malinche!—I cannot wring thy memories from my heart! Years may roll on, hand wax weak, and heart grow old, but never till both are cold can I forget thee! I *would* not; for thee would I remember. Not for all the world would I bathe my soul in the waters of Lethe. Blessed be memory for thy sake!

Bright land of Anahuac! my spirit mounts upon the aerial wings of Fancy, and once more I stand upon thy shores! Over thy broad savanna I spur my noble steed, whose joyous neigh tells that he, too, is inspired by the scene. I rest under the shade of the *corozo* palm, and quaff the wine of the *acrocomia*. I climb thy mountains of amygdaloid and porphyry—thy crags of quartz, that yield the white silver and the yellow gold. I cross thy fields of lava, rugged in outline, and yet more rugged with their covertures of strange vegetable forms—the cycas and cactus, yuccas and zamias. I traverse thy table-plains through bristling rows of giant aloes, whose sparkling juice cheers me on my path. I stand upon the limits of eternal snow, crushing the Alpine lichen under my heel; while down in the deep barranca, far down below, I behold the feathery fronds of the palm, the wax like foliage of the orange, the broad shining leaves of the pothos, the arums, and bananas! Oh, that I could look with living eye on these bright pictures! But even palely outlined upon the retina of memory, they impart a soothing pleasure to my soul.

Land of Moctezuma! I have other souvenirs of thee, more deeply graven on my memory than these pictures of peace. Thou recallest scenes of war. I traversed thy fields a foeman—sword in hand—and now, after years gone by, many a wild scene of soldier life springs up before me with all the vividness of reality.

Land of Anahuac! thou recallest other scenes, far different from these—scenes of tender love or stormy passion. The strife is over—the war drum has ceased to beat, and the bugle to bray; the steed stands chafing in his stall, and the conqueror dallies in the halls of the conquered. Love is now the victor, and the stern soldier, himself subdued, is transformed into a suing lover. In gilded hall or garden bower, behold him on bended knee, whispering his soft tale in the ear of some dark-eyed *doncella*, Andalusian or Aztec!

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Lovely land! I have sweet memories of thee; for who could traverse thy fields without beholding some fair flower, ever after to be borne upon his bosom. And yet, not always souvenirs are glad. Pleasant and painful, sweet and sad they thrill my heart with alternate throes. But the sad emotions have been tempered by time, and the glad ones, at each returning tide, seemed tinged with brighter glow. In thy bowers, as elsewhere, roses must be plucked from thorns; but in memory's mellowed light I see not the thorns—I behold only the bright and beautiful roses.

CHAPTER II.

A MEXICAN FRONTIER VILLAGE.

A Mexican *pueblita* on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte—a more *ranchería* or hamlet. The quaint old church of Moresco-Italian style, with its cupola of motley japan, the residence of the *cura*, and the house of the *alcalde*, are the only stone structures in the place. These constitute three sides of the plazza, a somewhat spacious square. The remaining side is taken up with shops or dwellings of the common people. They are built of large unburnt bricks (*adobes*), some of them washed with lime, others gaudily colored like the proscenium of a theatre, but most of them uniform in their muddy and forbidding brown. All have heavy, jail-like doors, and windows without glass or sash. The *reja* of iron bars set vertically, opposes the burglar, not the weather.

From the four corners of the plazza, narrow, unpaved, dusty lanes lead off to the country, for some distance bordered on both sides by the adobe houses. Still farther out, on the skirts of the village, and sparsely placed, are dwellings of frailer build, but more picturesque appearance; they are *ridge-roofed* structures, of the split trunks of that gigantic lily, the arborescent yucca. Its branches form the rafters, its rough fibrous leaves the thatch. In these *ranchitos* dwell the poor peons, the descendants of the conquered race.

The stone dwellings, and those of mud likewise, are *flat-roofed*, tiled or cemented, sometimes tastefully japanned, with a parapet breast-high running round the edge. This flat is the *azotea*, characteristic of Mexican architecture.

I stand upon such an azotea; it is that over the house of the alcalde; and his being the tallest roof in the village, I command a view of all the others. I can see beyond them all, and note the prominent features of the surrounding country. My eye wanders with delight over the deep rich verdure of its tropic vegetation; I can even distinguish its more characteristic forms—the cactus, the yucca, and the agave. I observe that the village is girdled by a belt of open ground—cultivated fields—where the maize waves its silken tassels in the breeze, contrasting with the darker leaves of the capsicums and bean plants (frijoles.) This open ground is of limited extent. The *chapparal*, with its thorny thicket of acacias, mimosæ, ingas, and robbinias—a perfect mass of leguminous trees—hems it in; and so near is the verge of this jungle, that I can distinguish its undergrowth of stemless *sabal* palms and Bromelias—the sun-scorched and scarlet leaves of the *pita* plant shining in the distance like lists of fire.

Why are these people crowded together—hived, as it were, in towns and villages?—Herdsmen one would expect to find scattered by reason of their occupation. Besides, a sky continually bright, a genial clime, a picturesqueness of scene—all seem to invite to rural life; and yet I have ridden for hours, a succession of lovely landscapes rising before my eyes, all of them wild, wanting in that one feature which makes the rural picture perfect—the house, the dwelling of man! Towns there are, and at long intervals the huge *hacienda* of the landed lord, walled in like a fortress; but where are the *ranchos*, the homes of the common people? True, I have noticed the ruins of many, and that explains the puzzle. I remember, now, that I am on the *frontier*; that for years past, the banks of the Rio Bravo, from its source to the sea, has been hostile ground—a war-border of 1,500 miles in length! Many a red conflict has occurred—is still occurring—between those Arabs of the American desert—the *Horse*-Indians—and the pale-faced descendants of the Spaniard. That is why the ranchos exist only in ruins—that is why the haciendas are loop-holed, and the populace pent up within walls. The condition of feudal Europe exists in free America, on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte!

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Nearly a mile off, looking westward, I perceive the sheen of water: it is a reach of the great river that glances under the setting sun. The river curves at that point; and the summit of a gentle hill, half girdled by the stream, is crowned by the low white walls of a hacienda. Though only one story high, this hacienda appears, from its extent, and the style of its architecture, to be a noble mansion. Like all of its class, it is flat-roofed; but the parapet is crenated, and small ornamental turrets over the angles and the great gateway relieve the monotony of its outlines. A larger tower, the belfry, appears in the background, for the Mexican hacienda is usually provided with its little *capilla*, for the convenient worship of the peon retainers. The emblems of religion, such as it is, are thick over the land. The glimmer of glass behind the iron rejas, relieves, to some extent, the prison-like aspect, so characteristic of Mexican country houses. This is further modified by the appearance over the parapet of green foliage. No doubt there is a fair garden upon the azotes—perhaps a fair being among its flowers! Pleasant thoughts spring up—anticipations. I long to climb that sloping hill, to enter that splendid mansion, and, longing still, I gaze.

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The ring of a bugle reminds me of my duties. 'Tis but a stable call; but it has driven those sweet reflections out of my mind, and my eyes are turned away from the bright mansion, and rest upon the plazza of the pueblita.—There, a far different scene greets their glance.

CHAPTER III.

THE RANCHERS ON PICKET.

The centre of the plazza presents a salient point in the picture. There the well (*el pozo*,) with its gigantic wheel, its huge leathern belt and buckets, its trough of cemented stone-work, offers an oriental aspect. Verily, it is the Persian wheel! 'Tis odd to a northern eye, particularly, to find such a structure in this western land; but the explanation is easy. That idea has travelled from Egypt along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. With the Moors it crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Spaniard has carried it over the Atlantic. The reader of the Sacred Volume will find many a familiar passage illustrated in the customs of Mexico. The genius of the Arab has shaped many a thought for the brain of the Aztec!

My eye rests not long upon the Persian wheel, but turns to gaze on the scene of active life that is passing around it. Forms, and varied ones, I trow, are moving there.

Gliding with silent step and dubious look—his wide *calzoneros* flapping around his ankles, his arms and shoulders shrouded in the mottled serape, his black, broad-brimmed hat darkening still more his swarth face—goes the *poblano*, the denizen of the adobe hut. He shuns the centre of the plazza, keeping around the walls; but at intervals his eyes are turned towards the well with a look of mingled fierceness and fear. He reaches a doorway—it is silently opened by a hand within—he enters quickly, and seems glad to get out of sight. A little after, I can catch a glimpse of his sombre face dimly outlined behind the bars of the reja. At distant corners, I descry small groups of his class—all similarly costumed in calzoneros, striped blankets and glaze hats; all, like him, wearing uneasy looks. They gesticulate little, contrary to their usual habit, and converse only in whispers or low mutterings. Unusual circumstances surround them.

Now and then a young girl, with red *olla* poised upon her crown, trips lightly across the plazza in the direction of the well. Perhaps she is a *poblana*, one of the belles of the village, in short-skirted, bright-colored petticoat, embroidered but sleeveless chemisette, with small slippers upon her feet; head, shoulders, and bosom shrouded in a blue gray *rebozo*; arms and ankles bare. Several of these are seen passing to and fro. They appear less uneasy than the men; they even smile at intervals, and reply to the rude badinage uttered in an unknown tongue by the odd-looking strangers around the well. The Mexican women are courageous as they are amiable. As a race, their beauty is undeniable.

But who are these strangers? They do not belong to the place, that is evident; and equally clear it is that they are objects of terror to those who do. At present, they are masters here. Their number, their proud, confident swagger, and the bold, loud tone of their conversation, attest that they are masters of the ground. Who are they? Odd looking, I have styled them; and the phrase is to be taken in its full significance. A more odd-looking set of fellows never mustered in a Mexican plazza, nor elsewhere.

There are fourscore of them; and but that each carries a yager rifle in his hand, a knife in his belt, and a Colt's pistol on his thigh, you could not discover the slightest point of resemblance between any two of them. Their arms are the only things about them denoting *uniformity*, and some sort of organization; for the rest, they are as unlike one another as the various shapes and hues of coarse broadcloth, woollen jeans, cottonades, colored blankets, and buckskin, can make them. They wear caps of 'coon-skin, and cat's-skin, and squirrel; hats of beaver, and felt, and glaze, of wool and palmetto, of every imaginable shape and slouch. Even of the modern monster—the silken "tile"—samples might be seen, *badly crushed*. There are coats of broadcloth, few in number, and well worn; but many are the garments of "Kentucky jeans," of bluish gray, of copper-colored nigger-cloth, and sky-colored cottonade. Some wear coats made of green blankets, others of blue ones, and some of a scarlet red. There are hunting-shirts of dressed deerskin, with plaited skirt, and capo, fringed and jauntily adorned with beads and embroidery—the favorite style of the backwoods' hunter; but others there are of true Indian cut—open only at the throat, and hanging loose, or fastened around the waist with a belt—the same that secures the knife and pistol. There are cloth jackets, too, such as are worn by sailors, and others, of sky-blue cottonade—the costume of the Creole of Louisiana; some of red-brown leather—the *jaqueta* of the Spano-American; and still another fashion, the close fitting embroidered "spencer" of the Mexican ranchero. Some shoulders are covered by serapes, and some by the more graceful and toga-like manga. Look lower down; examine the limbs of the men of this motley band; the covering of these is not less varied than their upper garments. You see wrappers of coarse cloth, of flannel, and of baize; they are blue, and scarlet, and green. You see leggings of raw hide and buckskin; boots of horse-leather reaching to the thighs; "nigger boots" of still coarser fabric, with the pantaloons tucked under; *botas* of unstained calf skin, and moccasins of varied cut, betokening the fashion of more than one Indian tribe. You may see limbs incased in calzoneros, and others in the heavy stamped leather *botas* of the Mexican horseman, resembling the graves of warriors of the olden time.

The heels of all are armed, though their armature is as varied as the costumes. There are spurs of silver and steel, some plated, some with the plating worn off; some strapped, and others screwed into the heel of the boot; some light, with small rowels and tiny teeth, while others are seen (the heavy spur of Mexico) of several pounds' weight, with rowels five inches in diameter, and teeth that might be dashed through the ribs of a horse!—cruel weapons of the Mexican *caballero*.

But these spurs in the plazza, these botas and calzoneros, these mangas and serapes, are not worn by *Mexicans*. Their present wearers are men of a different race. Most of these tall, stalwart bodies are the product of the maize-plant of Kentucky and Tennessee, or the buckwheat and "hog-meat" of the fertile flats of Ohio, Indiana, and the Illinois. They are the squatters and hunters of the backwoods, the farmers of the great western slopes of the Alleghanies, the boatmen of the Mississippi, the pioneers of Arkansas and Missouri, the trappers of prairie-land, the *voyageurs* of the lake-country, the young planters of the lower States, the French Creoles of Louisiana, the adventurous settlers of Texas, with here and there a gay city spark from the larger towns of the "great west." Yes, and from other sources are individuals of that mixed band. I recognise the Teutonic type—the fair hair and whitish-yellow moustache of the German, the florid Englishman, the staid Scot, and his contrast the noisy Hibernian; both equally brave. I behold the adroit and nimble Frenchman, full of laugh and chatter, the staunch soldierly Swiss, and the moustached exile of Poland, dark, sombre, and silent. What a study for an ethnologist is that band of odd looking men! Who are they?

You have thrice asked the question. I answer it: They are a corps of "*Rangers*"—a guerilla of the American army.

And who am I? Their captain—their chief.

Yes, I am the leader of that queer crew; and, despite their rough motley aspect, I dare affirm, that not in Europe, not in America elsewhere, not upon the great globe's surface, can be found a band, of like numbers, to equal them in strength, daring, and warlike intelligence. Many of them have spent half a life in the sharpening practice of border warfare—Indian or Mexican—and from these the others have learnt. Some have been gentlemen upon whom fortune has frowned; a few have been desperadoes within the pale of civilised life; and a smaller few, perhaps, *outlaws* beyond it—had materials wherewith to *colonise*; not so bad, if you go but to *conquer*.

Rude as is the *coup d'œil* of the corps, I am proud to say that a high sentiment of honor pervades it, higher than will be found in the *corps de garde* of an emperor. True, they appear rough and reckless—terrible, I might say; for most of them—with their long beards and hair, dust-begrimed faces, slouched hats, and odd habiliments, belted as they are with knife, pistol, powder-horn, and pouch—present such an aspect, that you would wrong them to take them as they look. Few among them are the pure bandits whose aim is plunder. Many a noble heart beats beneath a rude exterior—many a one truly humane. There are hearts in that band that throb under the influence of patriotism; some are guided by a still nobler impulse, a desire to extend the area of freedom; others, it is true, yearn but for revenge. These last are chiefly Texans, who mourn a friend or brother slain by Mexican treachery. They have not forgotten the cowardly assassination of Goliad; they remember the red butchery of the Alamo.

Perhaps I alone, of all the band, have no motive for being here; if one, 'tis slight—scarce as noble as vengeance. Mere chance, the love of excitement and adventure, perhaps some weak fondness for power and fame, are all the excuses I can urge for taking a hand in this affair. A poor adventurer, without friends, without home, without country—for my native land is no more a nation—my heart is not cheered by a single throb of patriotism. I have no private wrong to redress, no public cause, no country for which to combat.

During intervals of inaction, these thoughts recur to me, and give me pain.

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The men have picketed their horses in the church enclosure; some are tied to trees, and others to the reja-bars of the windows; like their riders, a motley group, various in size, color, and race. The strong, high mettled steed of Kentucky and Tennessee, the light "pacer" of Louisiana, the cob, the barb, his descendant the "mustang," that but a few weeks ago was running wild upon the prairies, may all be seen in the troop. Mules, also, of two distinct races—the large, gaunt mule of North America, and the smaller and more sprightly variety, native of the soil.

My own black steed, with his pretty, fern-colored muzzle, stands near the fountain in the centre of the plazza. My eye wanders with a sort of habitual delight over the oval outlines of his body. How proudly he curves his swan-like neck, and with a mock anger paws up the dust! He knows that my eyes are upon him.

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We have been scarcely an hour in the ranchería; we are perfect strangers to it; we are the first American troop its people have yet seen, although the war has been going on for some months farther down the river. We have been sent here upon picket-duty, with orders to scour the surrounding country as far as it is safe. The object in sending us here is not so much to guard against a surprise from our Mexican foe, who is not upon this side, but to guard *them*, the Mexicans, from another enemy—an enemy of *both of us*—the Comanche!—These Indian Ishmaelites, report says, are upon the "*war trail*," and have quite an army in the field. It is said they are foraging further up the river, where they have it all to themselves, and have just pillaged a settlement in that direction—butchered the men, as is their wont, and carried off the women, children, and chattels. We came hither to conquer the Mexicans, but we must *protect* while *conquering* them! *Cosas de Mexico!*

"NO MATAME, CAVALLERO! SOY MUGER!" (DO NOT KILL ME, SIR! I AM A WOMAN!)

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING A CAPTIVE.

I was musing upon the singular character of this *triangular* war, when my reverie was disturbed by the hoof-strokes of a horse. The sounds came from a distance, outside the village; the strokes were those of a horse at full gallop.

I stepped hastily across the azotea, and looked over the parapet, in hopes of obtaining a view of this rapid rider. I was not disappointed—the road and the rider came full under my eyes.

In the latter, I beheld a picturesque object. He appeared to be a very young man—a mere youth, without beard or mustache, but of singularly handsome features. The complexion was dark, almost brown; but even at the distance of two hundred yards, I could perceive the flash of a noble eye, and note a damask redness upon his cheeks. His shoulders were covered with a scarlet manga, that draped backward over the hips of his horse; and upon his head he wore a light sombrero, laced, banded, and tasselled with bullion of gold. The horse was a small but finely-proportioned mustang, spotted like a jaguar upon the ground color of cream—a true Andalusian.

The horseman was advancing at a gallop, without fear of the ground before him: by chance, his eyes were raised to the level of the azotea, on which I stood; my uniform, and the sparkle of my accoutrements, caught his glance; and quick as thought, as if by an involuntary movement, he reigned up his mustang, until its ample tail lay clustered upon the dust of the road. It was then that I noted the singular appearance of both horse and rider.

Just at that moment, the ranger, who had picket on that side of the village, sprang forth from his hiding place, and challenged the horseman to halt. The challenge was unheeded. Another jerk of the rein upon the mustang round, as upon a pivot, and the next instant, impelled by the spur, the animal resumed his gallop. He did not return by the road, but shot off in a new direction, nearly at right angles to his former course. A rifle-bullet would have followed, and most likely have stopped the career of either horse or rider, had not I, just in the nick of time, shouted to the sentry to hold his fire.

A reflection had occurred to me: the game was too noble, too beautiful, to be butchered by a bullet; it was worth a chase and capture.

My horse was by the water trough. I had noticed that he was not yet unsaddled, and the bridle was still on. He had been warmed by the morning's scout; and I had ordered my negro groom to walk him round for an hour or so before letting him at the water.

I did not wait to descend by the *escalera*; I sprang upon the parapet, and from that into the plazza. The groom, perceiving my intention, met me half-way with the horse. I seized the reins, and bounded into the saddle. Several of the readiest of the rangers followed my example; and as I galloped down the lane that led out of the rancheria, I could tell by the clattering of hoofs that half-a dozen of them were at my heels. I cared not much for that, for surely I was a match for the stripling we meant to chase. I knew, moreover, that speed at the moment was of more importance than strength; and that if the spotted horse possessed as much "bottom" as he evidently did "heels," his rider and I would have it to ourselves in the end. I knew that all the horses of my troop were less swift than my own; and from the half-dozen springs I had witnessed on the part of the mustang, I felt satisfied that it remained only for me to overhaul him.

My springing down from the roof and up into the saddle had occupied scarcely two minutes' time; and in two more, I cleared the houses, and was scouring across the fields after the scarlet horseman. He was evidently making to get round the village, and continue the journey on from which my presence had so suddenly interrupted.

The chase led through a field of *milpas* (maize). My horse sank deeply in the loose earth, while the lighter mustang bounded over it like a hare: he was distancing me. I began to fear I would lose him, when all at once I saw that his course was intercepted by a list of maguey, running transversely right and left. The plants were of luxuriant growth, eight or ten feet high, and placed alternately, so that their huge hooked blades interlocked with each other, forming a natural *chevaux-de-frise*.

This barrier at first glance seemed impassable for either man or horse. It brought the Mexican to a halt. He was turning to skirt it, when he perceived that I had leaned into the diagonal line, and could not fail to head him. With a quick wrench upon the rein, he once more wheeled round, set his horse against the magueys, plied the spur, and dashed right into their midst. In a moment more, both horse and rider were out of sight; but as I spurred up to the spot, I could hear the thick blades crackle under the hoofs of the mustang.

There was no time for reflection. I must either follow, or abandon the pursuit. The alternative was not thought of. I was on my honor, my steed upon his mettle; and without halt we went plunging through the magueys.

Torn and bleeding, we came out on the opposite side; and I perceived, to my satisfaction, that I had made better time than the red rider before me; his halt had lessened the distance between us. But another field of milpas had to be passed, and he was again gaining upon me, as we galloped over the heavy ground. When nearly through the field, I perceived something glancing before us; it was water—a wide drain or ditch, a *zequia* for irrigating the field. Like the magueys, it ran transversely to our course.

"That will stop him," thought I; "he must take to the right or left, and then—"

My thoughts were interrupted. Instead of turning either to right or left, the Mexican headed his horse at the zequia, and the noble creature rushing forward, rose like a bird upon the wing, and cleared the canal!

I had no time to expend in admiring the feat; I hastened to imitate it, and galloping forward, I set myself for the leap. My brave steed needed neither whip nor spur; he had seen the other leap the zequia, and he knew what was expected of him. With a bound, he went over, clearing the drain by several feet; and then, as if resolved upon bringing the affair to an end, he laid his head forward, and stretched himself at race course speed.

A broad, grassy plain—a savannah—lay before us, and the hoofs of both horses, pursuer and pursued, now rang upon hard, firm turf. The rest of the chase would have been a simple trial of speed, and I made sure of overhauling the mustang before he could reach the opposite side, when a new obstacle presented itself. A vast herd of cattle and horses studded the savannah throughout its whole extent; these, startled by our wild gallop, tossed their heads, and ran affrighted in every direction, but frequently as otherwise, directly in our way. More than once, I was forced to rein in, to save my neck or my horse's from being broken over a fierce bull or a long-horned lumbering ox; and more than once I was compelled to swerve from my course.

What vexed me most, was, that in this zig-zag race, the mustang, from practice, perhaps, had the advantage; and while it continued, he increased his distance. We cleared the drove at length; but to my chagrin I perceived that we were nearly across the plain. As I glanced ahead, I saw the chapparal near, with taller trees rising over it; beyond, I saw the swell of a hill, with white walls upon its summit. It was the hacienda already mentioned; we were riding directly for it.

I was growing anxious about the result. Should the horseman reach the thicket, I would be almost certain to lose him. *I dared not let him escape.* What would my men say, if I went back without him? I had hindered the sentry from firing, and permitted to escape, perhaps a spy, perhaps some important personage. His desperate efforts to get off favored the supposition that he was one or the other. *He must be taken!*

Under the impulse of fresh determination, I lanced the flanks of my horse more deeply than ever; he knew what was wanted, and stretched himself to his utmost. There were no more cattle, not an obstacle, and his superior speed soon lessened the distance between himself and the mustang. Ten seconds more would do it.

The ten seconds flew by. I *felt* myself within *shooting* distance; I drew my pistol from its holster.

"*Alto! o yo tiro,*" (Halt! or I fire,) I cried aloud. There was no reply; the mustang kept on! "Halt!" I cried again, unwilling to take the life of a fellow-creature—"halt! or you are a dead man!"

No reply again!

There were not six yards between myself and the Mexican. Riding straight behind him, I could have sent a bullet into his back. Some secret instinct restrained me; it was partly, though not altogether, a feeling of admiration; there was an indefinable idea in my mind at the moment. My finger rested on the trigger, and I could not draw it.

"He must not escape! He is nearing the trees! He must not be allowed to enter the thicket; I shall cripple the horse."

I looked for a place to aim at; should I hit him in the hips, he might still get off. Where?

At this moment, the animal wheeled, as if guided by the will of the rider—and shot off in a new direction. The object of this manœuvre was to put space between us. So far it was successful but it gave me just the opportunity to aim as I wanted; and levelling my pistol, I sent a bullet into the kidneys of the mustang. A single plunge forward was his last, and both horse and rider came to the ground.

In an instant the latter had disengaged himself from his struggling steed, and stood upon his feet. Fancying he might still attempt to escape to the thicket, I spurred forward, pistol in hand, and pointed the weapon at his head.

He had no intention either of further flight or resistance; but facing the levelled tube, and looking me full in the face, he said with an air of perfect coolness:

"*No matame, cavallero! Soy muger!*" (Do not kill me, sir! I am a woman!)

CHAPTER V.

MY CAPTIVE.

"*Do not kill me, sir! I am a woman!*"

This declaration scarcely astonished me; I was half prepared for it. During our wild gallop, I had noticed one or two circumstances

which led me to suspect that the spy I pursued was a female. As the mustang sprang over the acequia, the flowing skirt of the manga was puffed upward, and hung for some moments spread out in the air. A velvet bodice beneath, a tunic-like skirt, the *fourreure* of the form, all impressed me as singular for a cavallero, however rich and young. The limbs I could not see, as the goat-skin *armas de agua* were drawn over them; but I caught a glimpse of a gold spur, and the heel of a tiny red boot to which it was attached. The clubbed hair, too, loosened by the violent motion, sprang backward, and in two thick plaits, slightly dishevelled, rested upon the croup of the horse. A young Indian's might have done so, but *his* tresses would have been jet-black and coarse-grained, whereas those under my eyes were soft, silky, and nut-brown. Neither the style of riding—*a la Duchesse de Berri*—nor the manlike costume of manga and hat, hindered me from forming my conclusions. Both the style and costume are common to the *rancheras* of Mexico. Moreover, as the mustang made his last double, I had caught a near view of the side face of his rider. The features of no man—not the Trojan shepherd, not Adonis nor Endymion—were so exquisitely chiselled as they. Certainly a woman! Her declaration at once put an end to my conjectures, but, as I have said, did not astonish me.

I was astonished, however, by its tone and manner. Instead of being uttered in accents of alarm, it was pronounced as coolly as if the whole thing had been a jest! Sadness, not supplication, was the prevailing tone, which was further confirmed as she knelt to the ground, pressed her lips to the muzzle of the still breathing mustang, and exclaimed:

"*Ay-de-mi! pobre yegua! muerte! muerte!*" (Alas me! poor mare! dead! dead!)

"A woman?" said I, feigning astonishment. My interrogatory was unheeded; she did not even look up.

"*Ay-de mi! pobre yegua! Lola Lalita!*" she repeated, as coolly as if the dead mustang was the only object of her thoughts, and I, the armed assassin, fifty miles from the spot!

"You say you are a woman?" I again asked—in my embarrassment scarcely knowing what to say.

"*Si, senor; nada mas—que quiere V.?*" (Yes, sir; nothing more—what do you want?) As she made this reply, she rose to her feet, and stood confronting me without the slightest semblance of fear. So unexpected was the answer, both in tone and sentiment, that for the life of me I could not help breaking into a laugh.

"You are merry, sir. You have made *me* sad; you have killed my favorite!"

I shall not easily forget the look that accompanied these words—sorrow, anger, contempt, defiance, were expressed in one and the same glance. My laughter was suddenly checked; I felt humiliated in that proud presence.

"Senorita," I replied, "I deeply regret the necessity I have been under: it might have been worse—"

"And how, pray?—how worse?" demanded she, interrupting me.

"My pistol might have been aimed at *yourself*, but for a suspicion—"

"*Carrambo!*" cried she, again interrupting me, "it could not have been worse! I loved that creature dearly—dearly as I do my life—*as I love my father—pobre yegua—yeguita—ita—ita!*"

And as she thus wildly expressed herself, she bent down, passed her arms around the neck of the mustang, and once more pressed her lips to its velvet cheek. Then gently closing its eyelids, she rose to an erect attitude, and stood with folded arms, regarding the lifeless form with a sad and bitter expression of countenance.

I scarcely knew what to say. I was in a dilemma with my fair captive. I would have given a month of my "pay-roll" to have restored the spotted mustang to life; but as that was out of the question, I bethought me of some means of making restitution to its owner. An offer of money would not be delicate. What then?

A thought occurred to me, that promised to relieve me from my embarrassment. The eagerness of the rich Mexicans to obtain our large American horses—*frisones*, as they term them—was well known throughout the army. Fabulous prices were often paid for them by these *ricos*, who wanted them for display upon the *Paseo*. We had many good half-bred bloods in the troop; one of these, thought I, might be acceptable, even to a lady who had lost her pet. I made the offer as delicately as I could. It was rejected with scorn!

"What, senor!" cried she, striking the ground with her foot till the rowels rang—"what? A horse to me?—*Mira!*" she continued, pointing to the plain: "look there, sir! There are a thousand horses; they are mine. Now, know the value of your offer. Do I stand in need of a horse?"

"But, senorita," stammered I apologisingly, "these are horses of native race. The one I propose to—"

"Bah!" she exclaimed, interrupting me, and pointing to the mustang; "I would not have exchanged *that native* for all the frisones in your troop. Not one of them was its equal!"

A personal slight would not have called forth a contradiction; yet this defiance had that effect. She had touched the chord of my vanity—I might almost say, of my affection. With some pique I replied:

"*One*, senorita?"

I looked towards Moro as I spoke. Her eyes followed mine, and she stood for some moments gazing at him in silence. I watched the expression of her eye; I saw it kindle into admiration as it swept over the gracefully curving outlines of my noble steed. He looked at the moment superb; the short skurry had drawn the foam from his lips, and flakes of it clung against his neck and counter, contrasting finely with the shining black of his skin; his sides heaved and fell in regular undulations, and the smoke issued from his blood-red nostrils; his eye was still on fire, and his neck proudly arched, as though conscious of his late triumph, and the interest he was now exciting.

For a long while she stood gazing upon him, and though she spoke not a word, I saw that she recognised his fine points.

"You are right, cavallero," said she at length, thoughtfully; "he *is*."

Just then, a series of reflections were passing through my mind, that rendered me extremely uncomfortable; and I felt regret that I had so pointedly drawn her attention to the horse. Would she demand *him*? That was the thought that troubled me. I had not promised her *any* horse in my troop, and Moro I would not have given for her herd of a thousand; but on the strength of the offer I had made, what if she should fancy *him*? The circumstances were awkward for a refusal; indeed, under any circumstances refusal would have been painful. I began to feel that I could deny nothing. This proud, beautiful woman already *divided my interest with Moro!*

My position was a delicate one; fortunately, I was relieved from it by an incident that carried our thoughts into a new current: the troopers who had followed me at that moment rode up.

She seemed uneasy at their presence; that could not be wondered at, considering their wild garb, and fierce looks. I ordered them back to their quarters. They stared for a moment at the fallen mustang with its rich blood-stained trappings, at its late rider, and her picturesque garments; and then, muttering a few words to one another, obeyed the order. I was once more alone with my captive.

CHAPTER VI.

ISOLINA DE VARGAS.

As soon as the men were out of hearing, she said interrogatively: "*Tejanos?*"

"Some of them are Texans—not all."

"You are their chief?"

"I am."

"Capitan, I presume?"

"That is my rank."

"And now, Senor Capitan, am I your captive?"

The question took me by surprise, and, for the moment, I did not know what answer to make. The excitement of the chase, the encounter, and its curious developments—perhaps, above all other things, the bewitching beauty of my captive—had driven out of my mind the whole purpose of the pursuit; and for some minutes I had not been thinking of any result. The interrogatory reminded me that I had a delicate duty to perform. Was this lady a *spy*?

Such a supposition was by no means improbable, as any old campaigner can testify. "Fair ladies—though never one so fair as she—have, ere now, served their country in this fashion. She may be the bearer of some important dispatch for the enemy. If so, and I permit her to go free, the consequences may be serious—unpleasant even to myself." Thus ran my reflections.

On the other hand, I disliked the duty of taking her back a prisoner. I feared to execute it; I dreaded *her* displeasure. *I wished to be friends with her.* I felt the influence of that mysterious power which transcends all strength—the power of beauty. I had been but ten minutes in the company of this brown-skinned maiden, and already she controlled my heart as though she had been its mistress for life!

I knew not how to reply. She saw that I hesitated, and again put the question:

"Am I your captive?"

"I fear, senorita, I am *yours*."

I was prompted to this declaration, partly to escape from a direct answer, and partly giving way to the passion already fast gathering in my bosom. It was no coquetry on my part, no desire to make a *pretty passage of words*. Though I spoke only from impulse, I was serious; and with no little anxiety did I watch the effect of my speech.

Her large lustrous eyes rested upon me, at first with a puzzled expression; this gradually changed to one of more significance—one that pleased me better. She seemed for a moment to throw aside her indifference, and regarded me with more attention. I fancied, from the glance she gave, that she was contented with what I had said. For all that, the slight curl upon her pretty lip had a provoking air of triumph in it; and she resumed her proud *hauteur* as she replied:

"Come, cavallero, this is idle compliment. Am I free to go?"

I wavered betwixt duty and over-politeness; a compromise offered itself.

"Lady," said I, approaching her, and looking as seriously as I could into her beautiful eyes, "if you give me your word that you are *not a spy*, you are free to go; your word—I ask nothing more."

I prescribed these conditions rather in a tone of entreaty than command. I affected sternness—but my countenance must have mocked me.

My captive broke into unrestrained laughter, crying out at intervals:

"I a spy!—a spy! Ha, ha, ha! Senor Capitan, you are jesting?"

"I hope, senorita, you are in earnest. You are no spy, then?—you bear no dispatch for our enemy?"

"Nothing of the sort, mio capitan;" and she continued her light laughter.

"Why, then, did you try to make away from us?"

"Ah, cavallero! are you not Tejanos? Do not be offended when I tell you that your people bear but an indifferent reputation among us Mexicans."

"But your attempt to escape was, to say the least, rash and imprudent; you risked life by it."

"*Carrambo*, yes! I perceive I did;" and she looked significantly at the mustang, while a bitter smile played upon her lips. "I perceive it now; I did not then. I did not think there was a horseman in all your troop could come up with me. *Merced!* there was *one!* You have overtaken me; you *alone* could have done it."

As she uttered these words, her large, brown eyes were once more turned upon me—not in a fixed gaze, but wandering. She scanned me from the forage-cap on my crown to the spur upon my heel. I watched her eye with eager interest; I fancied that its scornful expression was giving way; I fancied there was a ray of tenderness in the glance. I would have given the world to have divined her thoughts at that moment.

Our eyes met, and parted in mutual embarrassment—at least I fancied so; for on turning again, I saw that her head drooped, and her gaze was directed downward, as if some new thought occupied her.

For some moments, both were silent. We might have remained longer thus, but it occurred to me that I was acting rudely. The lady was still my captive. I had not yet given her permission to depart; I hastened to tender it.

"Spy or no spy, senorita, I shall not detain you. I shall bear the risk; you are free to go."

"*Gracias! cavallero!* And now, since you have behaved so handsomely, I shall set your mind at rest about the *risk*. Read!"

She handed me a folded paper; at a glance, I recognised the *safe-guard* of the commander-in-chief, enjoining upon all to respect its bearer—the *Dona Isolina de Vargas*.

"You perceive, mio capitan, I was not your captive after all? ha! ha! ha!"

"Lady, you are too generous not to pardon the rudeness to which you have been subjected!"

"Freely, capitan—freely."

"I shudder at thought of the risk you have run. Why did you act with such imprudence? Your sudden flight at sight of our picket caused suspicion, and of course it was our duty to follow and capture you. With the safe-guard, you had no cause for flight."

"Ha! it was that very safe-guard that caused me to fly."

"The safe-guard, senorita? Pray, explain!"

"Can I trust your prudence, capitan?"

"I promise—"

"Know, then, that I was not certain you were *Americanos*; for aught I could see, you might have been a guerilla of my *countrymen*. How would it be if this paper, and sundry others I carry, were to fall into the hands of Canales? You perceive, capitan, we fear our *friends* more than our *enemies*."

I now fully comprehended the motive of her wild flight.

"You speak Spanish too well, mio capitan," continued she. "Had you cried 'Halt!' in your native tongue, I should at once have pulled up, and perhaps saved my pet. Ah, me!—*pobre yegua!*"

As she uttered the last exclamation, her feelings once more overcame her; and sinking down upon her knees, she passed her arms around the neck of the mustang, now stiff and cold. Her face was buried in the long, thick mane, and I could perceive the tears sparkling like dew-drops over the tossed hair.

"*Pobre Lola,*" she continued, "I have good cause to grieve; I had reason to love you well. More than once you saved me from the fierce Lipan, and the brutal Comanche. What am I to do now? I dread the Indian foray; I shall tremble at every sign of the savage. I dare no more venture upon the prairie; I dare not go abroad; I must tamely stay at home. *Mia querida!* you were my wings; they are clipped—I fly no more."

All this was uttered in a tone of extreme bitterness; and I, I who so loved my brave steed, could appreciate her feelings. With the hope of imparting even a little consolation, I repeated my offer.

"Senorita," I said, "I have swift horses in my troop—some of noble race—"

"You have no horse in your troop I value."

"You have not seen them all?"

"All—every one of them—to-day, as you filed out of the city."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed, yes, noble capitan. I saw you as you carried yourself so cavalierly at the head of your troop of *filibusteros*—ha, ha, ha!"

"Senorita, I saw not you."

"*Carrambo!* it was not for the want of using your eyes. There was not a *balcon* or *reja* into which you did not glance—not a smile in the whole street you did not seem anxious to reciprocate—ha, ha, ha! I fear, Senor Capitan, you are the Don Juan de Tenorio of the North."

"Lady, it is not my character."

"Nonsense! you are proud of it. I never saw a man who was not. But come! a truce to badinage. About the horse—you have none in your troop I value, save one."

I trembled as she spoke.

"It is *he*," she continued, pointing to Moro.

I felt as if I should sink into the earth. My embarrassment prevented me for some time from replying. She noticed my hesitation, but remained silent, awaiting my answer.

"Senorita," I stammered out at length, "that steed is a great favorite—an old and tried friend. *If* you desire—to possess him, he is—he is at your service."

In emphasizing the "if," I was appealing to her generosity. It was to no purpose.

"Thank you," she replied coolly; "he shall be well cared for. No doubt he will serve my purpose. *How is his mouth?*"

I was choking with vexation, and could not reply. I began to hate her.

"Let me try him," continued she. "Ah! you have a curb bit—that will do; but it is not equal to ours. I use a mameluke. Help me to that lazo."

She pointed to a lazo of white horsehair beautifully plaited, that was coiled upon the saddle of the mustang.

I unloosed the rope—mechanically I did—and in the same way adjusted it to the horn of my saddle. I noticed that the noose-ring was of silver! I shortened the leathers to the proper length.

"Now, capitan!" cried she, gathering the reins in her small gloved hand—"now I shall see how he performs."

At the word, she bounded into the saddle, her small foot scarcely touching the stirrup. She had thrown off her manga, and her woman's form was now displayed in all its undulating outlines. The silken skirt draped down to her ankles, and underneath appeared the tiny red boot, the glancing spur, and the lace ruffle of her snow-white *calzoncillas*. A scarlet sash bound her waist with its fringed ends drooping to the saddle; and the tight bodice, slashed with lace, displayed the full rounding of her bosom, as it rose and fell in quiet, regular breathing—for she seemed in no way excited or nervous. Her full, round eye expressed only calmness and courage.

I stood transfixed with admiration. I thought of the Amazons: were they beautiful like her? With a troop of such warriors one might *conquer a world!*

A fierce-looking bull, moved by curiosity or otherwise, had separated from the herd, and was seen approaching the spot where we were. This was just what the fair rider wanted. At a touch of the spur, the horse sprang forward, and galloped directly for the bull. The latter, cowed at the sudden onset, turned and ran; but his swift pursuer soon came within lazo distance. The noose circled in the air, and, launched forward, was seen to settle around the horns of the animal. The horse was now wheeled round, and headed in an opposite direction. The rope tightened with a sudden pluck, and the bull was thrown with violence on the plain, where he lay stunned and apparently lifeless. Before he had time to recover himself, the rider turned her horse, trotted up to the prostrate animal, bent over in the saddle, unfastened the noose, and, after coiling it upon her arm, came galloping back.

"Superb!—magnificent!" she exclaimed, leaping from the saddle, and gazing at the steed. "Beautiful!—most beautiful! Ah, Lola, poor Lola! I fear I shall soon forget thee!" The last words were addressed to the mustang. Then turning to me, she added: "And this horse is mine?"

"Yes, lady, if you will it," I replied somewhat cheerlessly, for I felt as if my best friend was about to be taken from me.

"But I do *not* will it," said she, with an air of determination; and then breaking into a laugh, she cried out: "Ha! capitan, I know your thoughts. Think you I cannot appreciate the sacrifice you would make? Keep your favorite. Enough that one of us should suffer;" and she pointed to the mustang. "Keep the brave black; you well know how to ride him. Were he mine, no mortal could influence me to part with him."

"There is *but one* who could influence *me*."

As I said this, I looked anxiously for the answer. It was not in words I expected it, but in the glance. Assuredly there was no frown; I even fancied I could detect a smile—a blending of triumph and satisfaction. It was short-lived, and my heart fell again under her light laugh.

"Ha-ha-ha! That one is of course your lady-love. Well, noble capitan, if you are true to her, as to your brave steed, she will have no cause to doubt your fealty. I must leave you. Adios!"

"Shall I not be permitted to accompany you to your home?"

"*Gracias!* no, senor. I am at home. *Mira!* my father's house!" She pointed to the haciendas. "Here is one who will look to the remains of poor Lola;" she signaled to a vaquero at that moment coming from the herd. "Remember, capitan, you are an enemy; I must not accept your politeness; neither may I offer you hospitality. Ah! you know not us—you know not the tyrant Santa Anna. Perhaps even at this moment his spies are—" She glanced suspiciously around as she spoke. "Oh, Heavens!" she exclaimed, with a start, as her eyes fell upon the form of a man advancing down the hill. "*Santissima Virgen!* it is Ijurra!"

"Ijurra?"

"Only my cousin; but—" She hesitated, and then suddenly changing to an expression of entreaty, she continued: "Oh, leave me, senor! *Por amor Dios!* leave me! Adieu! adieu!"

Though I longed to have a nearer view of "Ijurra," the hurried earnestness of her manner overcame me; and without making other reply than a simple "Adios," I vaulted into my saddle, and rode off.

On reaching the border of the woods, curiosity—a stronger feeling perhaps—mastered my politeness; and, under the pretence of adjusting my stirrup, I turned in the saddle, and glanced back. Ijurra had arrived upon the ground. I beheld a tall, dark man, dressed in the usual costume of the ricos of Mexico; dark cloth polka-jacket, blue military trowsers, with scarlet sash around his waist, and low-crowned, broad brimmed hat upon his head. He appeared about thirty years of age, whiskered, moustached, and, after a fashion, handsome. It was not his age, nor his personal appearance, nor yet his costume that had my attention at the moment. I watched only his actions. He stood confronting his cousin, or rather he stood *over* her, for she appeared to cower before him in an attitude of fear! He held a paper in one hand, and I saw he was pointing to it as he spoke. There was a fierce, vulture-like expression upon his face; and even in the distance I could tell, from the tones of his voice, that he was talking angrily. Why should she fear *him?* Why submit to such rude rebuke? He must have a strange power over that spirit who could force it thus tamely to listen to reproach?

These were my reflections. My impulse was to drive the spurs into the sides of my horse, and gallop back upon the ground. I might have done so had the scene lasted much longer; but I saw the lady suddenly leave the spot, and walk rapidly in the direction of the hacienda.

I wheeled round again, and plunging under the shadow of the forest, soon fell into a road leading to the ranchería. My thoughts full of the incident that had just passed, I rode unconsciously, leaving my horse to his own guidance. My reverie was interrupted by the challenge of one of my own sentries, which admonished me that I had arrived at the entrance of the village.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'Tis true that we are in great danger:
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ There is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love that lends to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

☞ How many sickly ones wish they were healthy; how many beggar men wish they were wealthy; how many ugly ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many benedicts wish they had tarried? Single or double, life's full of trouble; riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

☞ It is said of Daniel Webster, that when he once arrived at the Girard House, from a hot, dusty, exhausting ride from Washington, the servant, pouring more water into his glass than proportion admitted, he exclaimed, with a voice and look that John Philip Kemble, as Coriolanus, might have rebuked the Volscian with—"Boy, don't *inundate* the brandy!"

☞ When you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

☞ Men before they die see and comprehend enigmas hidden from them before. The greatest poet, and one of the noblest thinkers of the last age, said on his death-bed: "Many things obscure to me before, now clear up and become visible."

☞ Dr. Parr once asked Porson what he thought of evil. "I see no good in it," was the reply.

☞ Courtship is often made up of the fact that the girl calls her beau a noble youth, a hero, a genius; while he calls her a paragon of beauty and gentleness; and so they keep tickling each other till they get married, and then comes the scolding!

☞ Says Walter Savage Landor, "There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface."

☞ Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood; as the emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age, in purple.

☞ Not long since a youth, older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of God, replied, "Ma, I think there's one thing God can't do." "What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother. "God can't make Bill Jones's mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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BY CAPT. MAYNE REID;

and

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At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "The Blind Preacher," "Acrostic," "The Happy Day," "Mary's Grave."

A subscriber wishes information regarding Cranberry culture. Will some friend who has experience, furnish it?

BODY VERSUS BRAIN.

In New England at present there is a desultory discussion going on in some of the newspapers on the question "Do the children study too much?" It is a question well worth considering everywhere, and at all times, but especially in New England, where there is a strong tendency to an undue mentality, and where the very air seems electric with intellectual life. In Washington the standard of your deserts is your agreeability, in Philadelphia your reputation, in New York your wealth, in Boston your culture. Dickens made an image of the Bostonians, when he sketched in *Martin Chuzzlewit* the figure of the lady who attends a lecture on the philosophy of something or other, every night in the week. It was a caricature, of course, but despite the exaggeration, it contained an essential truth. The trumpet tone of the last famous book is unheard, so to speak, at Washington; wakes but vague echoes in Philadelphia; may, likely enough, be drowned by the roar of trade in New York; but is sure to reverberate clearly and loudly among the hills of Boston. When the cheap edition of Dickens' "American Notes" was issued in that city years ago, we, happening to be there, saw the office of the firm that issued it besieged in broad daylight by thousands of excited citizens, who waited there in the street for hours till the moment of publication, and then hustled and wrenched and elbowed their way to the counter with intense muscular exertion, each straining every sinew to obtain an early copy! Then when Macaulay's history first came from the press in Boston, what a furore there was! If you met an acquaintance in the street, his first searching question was "Have you read Macaulay?" Even the solid men of Boston, grown serious with stocks and cent. per cent., interrogated gravely "Have you read Macaulay?" Another furore and universal inquisition followed the issue of "Jane Eyre." When even merchants yield to the seductions of other literature than the ledger affords, what a reading public it must be! So it is. Run your eye over the list of literary men and women who represent American letters at home and abroad. More than three fourths of them are New Englanders, and it would be safe to say that a good portion of the remainder have either imbibed their taste for literary pursuits from residence in that contagious air, or fed their minds from the affluent fountains of New England culture and intellectual life. It is probable that three-fourths of the native-born members of the press in New York city, are New Englanders. The mental life of the region crops out all over the West. From New England come most of the ideas of the nation. The very isms of which the section is fruitful, prove its strong, vital mentality. Isms always spring up in the centres of intellectual activity. They are not grown in country places, or in trading towns, but in London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Boston, in any place where the newspapers, libraries, lyceums, bookshops, are most abundant, and where the reading and thinking is most incessant or extensive. They come with large thoughts and great ideas, as Boswell comes with Johnson, or the pilot-fish with the whale, and to meet with the one is to know the adjacency of the other.

Of course, where the direction of the public mind is so markedly turned to mental interests, there is a risk of overdoing the whole thing, just as in a region where muscular exercises were much in favor, the danger would be that the development of the mind would be neglected or forgotten. Thus, there is, doubtlessly, a disposition in the most intellectually active spots of New England, to overtask the brain at the expense of the body. In the rural districts, nature and necessity ward off the threatened harm. The farmer's boys who only go to school in the winter months, the urchins who zealously devote themselves to play every spare moment they can get from study, the laboring men and women whose reading must be done at odd hours, will never suffer from excess of thought or application to books. But the school-children in cities and towns where the incentives to and facilities for bodily exercise are naturally feeble and limited, and where the demands of an elaborate school system, of which New England is justly proud, stimulate and spur the minds under its control to much exertion—the teachers under that system, of whom it asks the most undivided attention and the most incessant toil; the collegians whose studies and ambition bind them strictly to their desks, and accustom them to the most sedulous mental application; and the persons of various sedentary occupations who, touched with the prevalent taste for knowledge, are tempted to give the spare time they need for exercise, to the columns of some able newspaper, the pages of some book, or to some nightly lecturer,—these are the people who are liable to injury from attention or devotion to the affairs of the mind.

Yet, liable as these people are to such injury, it by no means follows that mental education is as thorough and profound in New England as it might be and ought to be, or that devotion to books is as fervid as one could desire. A tenfold severity of intellectual discipline or mental habituation, might be practiced, as in Germany, with the happiest effects. But the body must be exercised as well as the brain. The balance of nature must be kept. The labor of acquiring a little knowledge, or the hasty reading of a few books, may prove, when unrelieved by bodily exertion, far more injurious to health and life, than the most severe mental application when pursued in conjuction with muscular exercise. No men pass through a severer discipline than the students of West Point, and though that institution may be more strictly regarded as the test of bodily endurance and mental capacity rather than the means to either, yet the superbly cultured men that come from its walls, are also monuments of the good effects of dividing education between the body and the mind, without which division it is improbable that any ordinary mortal could survive the mental ordeal through which a West Point cadet passes.

It is natural and pardonable in the people of New England to be proud, as they are, of the intellectuality of their region. Yet it must be said that any development of the brain at the expense of the body, is monstrous and wrong. No member of the body can truly say to another "I have no need of thee." All belong to each other, and any injury done to one is surely revenged upon the whole system. The brain of Plato surmounting the body of a boxer is a combination to be admired. But the same brain set upon a meagre and puny frame, is cause only for regret and pity. In like manner, any fine physical development unaccompanied by a proportional development of the intellect constitutes only a half man. It is the equal robustness of the entire organization that is really valuable—a truth that needs practical acceptance, especially in New England, where the tendency is to rate the culture of the mind too highly, and to undervalue the culture of the physical frame.

Fortunately the evils that come from the exercise of the thoughtful mind, that mind is constituted by its discipline to perceive and to remedy. The New Englander's preternaturally active intellect is first to detect the wrong that the excessive and unbalanced activity of his intellect does to his being, and the correction follows the perception. Already we notice and hail the movements that are being made in the section of the country, and in other sections inspired by its influence and example, to add to the exercise of the brain, the exercise of the body, and, in education and life, to bring the whole system into harmonious play. Systems of gymnastics begin to appear in the schools, academies, and colleges for both sexes. The duty of exercise, and the necessity of recreation is being preached to the public, and the disposition thereto encouraged, in various ways, and through divers sources. The facilities will follow in due time, and the public will reap the benefits which they will afford. We hope in due time to hear the proficiency in gymnastics as much a subject for boasting, and an object for emulation, as the proficiency in scholastics is now. The present apotheosis of the mind will be respectable only when it also becomes a apotheosis of the body.

EMINENT MEANNESS.

The following is one of those grave aphorisms that go the rounds of the press, winning more by their terseness than by their truth:

History is full of illustrious villains, but there never was an illustrious miser.

The writer forgets Cardinal Mazarin, one of the not unfrequent examples of the falsity of his assertion. The Cardinal was certainly illustrious, and certainly a skinflint. He governed France during the boyhood of Louis the Great with an ability equal to that of his predecessor Richelieu, and with a parsimony unsurpassed, perhaps, in the history of nations. Never was a government conducted with such little expense, or a national treasury so swollen with accumulated funds. To such a pitch was the Cardinal's griping thrift carried, that the sheets of the young king's bed were suffered to remain in use long after they were torn into holes. Adolescent royalty was never in such a plight for pocket money as was the young king. He had the satisfaction, however, of spending the Cardinal's savings when he came to the throne, which he did in boundless style. There was a miser's mountain of money piled up in the treasury, and the Cardinal being fortunately dead, the Grand Monarch (as history terms him,) levelled it in the most liberal manner, and to the most sumptuous and splendid uses.

☞ A bevy of the principal fashionable ladies in Cincinnati appeared on promenade, a short time since, without hoops, and with robe descending "classically straight." Ladies of good taste these.

THE MATINEES DEFUNCT.

Our recent aspirations with regard to Mr. Thalberg's Matinees have been satisfied. The Bostonians have revolted, and the furious fee we hoped for has been carefully deposited by the press, in the ear of the great pianist. The Boston *Gazette* informs us that—"Mr. Thalberg's second series of Matinees fell through, in consequence of the ill-advised card announcing them. Such things may answer in New York, but neither in Boston or Philadelphia will they be countenanced. In Philadelphia the attempt was frowned down, and the Matinees indefinitely postponed." "Such things may answer in New York!" What a criticism!

It is due to Mr Thalberg to say that the disgrace of having attempted this precious piece of snobbery, which was found to "answer in New York," does not rest on him alone, but is shared by his business agent, whose manœuvres, according to *Porter's Spirit*, "have thoroughly disgusted the denizens of the American Athens." "They turned up their noses," says the *Spirit*, "at chocolate luncheons (a la New York), with pianoforte solos as entre-acts, and treated with justly merited contempt the gross impertinence which demanded the name and address of every one purchasing a ticket; hence, this portion of the snobbish would-be aristocratic scheme had to be abandoned, and, thanks to his agent, Thalberg enthusiasm is down to freezing-point. We understand that Mr. Thalberg's manager, who has boasted that he could twist any given number of Americans round his little finger, is deeply chagrined that he cannot exemplify the fact with the Bostonians, and that in consequence, he has been laboring under the effects of a severe attack of 'the blues.'"

All of which is highly refreshing. But the war being now over—the Matinees having been properly stigmatized and driven into the limbo of failures, and Mr. Thalberg having consented to consider us all of the "utmost respectability," and to play for us, with this understanding, at fifty cents a head—let us resume our former attitude of delighted repose. The goblin Snob having slunk from his perch on that admired piano, and the dainty sprite of the music now presiding alone, we now abandon ourselves to the charm of the diamond spray of melody that sparkles with such airy grace and glitter from the instrument when Thalberg touches the keys, and ecstatically declare our satisfaction with the performer and the performance.

DR. KANE.

Dr. William Elder, of this city, is now engaged in writing a memoir of the late Doctor Elisha Kent Kane. It can scarcely fail to prove not only a striking and picturesque narrative of the career of the intrepid adventurer, but also an intelligent delineation of his character, which was more bright and beautiful than the funeral orations and eulogies have told. Christendom, at present, knows nothing of the life of the man now so famous for his deeds. It is the story of that life that we may expect to read in this forthcoming memoir. The public actions of an individual, however admirable, are little in comparison with his noble private qualities. It is Sidney, passing the cup of water from his thirsting lips to the dying soldier at Zutphen, that adds love to the admiration we give to the historic Sidney of the court and the battlefield; and in like manner, the private generosity and compassion, the self-forgetfulness, the self-sacrifice, and the thousand nobilities which were revealed in Dr. Kane's daily intercourse and relations with his fellow men, and which the world cannot honor only because it does not know, are more to us than the calm intrepidity that dared the dangers and endured the horrors of the Arctic shores and seas. Something of this, the memoir may make known to us. If it prove to be what we expect it will, it cannot but add a deeper feeling to our present apprehension of the life and character of one whose epitaph seems most fitly written in the words of the old ballad—

"He was a true and gentle knight—
Ah! well a-day! Amen."

New Publications.

THE HUSBAND IN UTAH; or, Sights and Scenes among the Mormons. By ARTEMUS N. WARD. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

This book is as interesting as a novel. Whether it resembles a novel in other respects, we are unable to say. It is for the most part genially and calmly written, and in many places shows a just and generous disposition to give the devil his due, which we miss in the majority of the catchpenny works that treat on this topic. Some portions of the book, however, contain passages and expressions which appear in singular contrast to the philosophical temper, the impartial tone, the intelligent ideas, and the literary style of the rest; and, but for the assurance of the editor (Mrs. Maria Ward) in the preface, that the manuscript of the author (now dead,) has not been tampered with, we should account for the discrepancies we refer to by supposing that these passages and expressions were interpolations by another hand.

DRAMATIC SCENES. With Other Poems. By BARRY CORNWALL. Tickner & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

All persons not fatally given over to persiflage and pork will find rare pleasure in the fragrant fancies of Barry Cornwall. There are poems here as delicately scented and colored as rose-leaves. Others are flashes of tragedy and passion. Others again are full of fine mockery or subtle recognitions of spiritual truths. Puck and Ariel preside over them all. They are aerial, tricksy, wilful, glittering, fantastic, yet always tender, passionate, imaginative, charged with fire and feeling, and prodigal of beauty and music. Now and then, it is true, we come upon the product of some hour when the inspiration flagged or failed, but not often.

The dramatic scenes which precede the poems are vivid and powerful, crowded with the author's meteor fancies, and beautiful, wild imaginations, yet often exaggerated and bombastic. Every fault they have, however, is more than compensated by their active vitality and fresh, unearthly beauty.

PROSE WORKS of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Tickner & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

We have here all of Longfellow's prose works in two beautiful little volumes, bound in blue and gold, and just large enough to put in one's pocket for woodland or sea-shore reading in the summer time. Notwithstanding their pigmy size, they are printed on stout paper, and the type is bold and clear. Nothing could be more elegant and convenient than this form of publication, which really has a touch of genius in it.

TWO YEARS AGO. By REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

It is superfluous to commend Kingsley's books to any one that has read "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," or "Amyas Leigh." His latest work is characterized by all those strong and true excellencies which, in his previous volumes, won him the attention and admiration of the reading world. It is the work of a man who stands in close contact with his Age, and burns with zeal for the welfare of his kind. As a story, "Two Years Ago" has the most intense power and interest.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE BY SEA AND LAND. From the Earliest Date to the Last Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. Edited by ERNE SARGENT. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B Peterson, Philada.

The best book of the kind that we have seen. It is a terse and graphic account of all the Arctic expeditions from the earliest to the latest. Appropriate engravings heighten the effect of the narrative.

SYBIL; OR, OUT OF THE SHADOW INTO THE SUN, is the title of a story now in press, which we surmise will be of great power and interest. Our surmise is based upon our experience of the shorter tales of the same author, which are remarkable for quiet and simple beauty, subtle apprehension of the motive springs of action in character, much skill at amusing and contrasted characterization, and an unobtrusive and gentle morality.

THE BAY PATH; A Tale of New England Colonial Life. By J. G. Holland. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Philada.

NEW BIOGRAPHIES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. By Thomas Babington Macaulay, Henry Rogers, Theodore Martin, and others. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philada.

SMILES AND FROWNS. A Tale. By Sara A. Wentz. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

Paris Letter.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE—A LEAPY COINCIDENCE—COMETS AND COUNTESS—A TROPICAL MARKET-GARDEN—A PRINCELY VISITOR—AFRICA LOOKING UP—A NEW VIADUCT—A MUTILATED MISSIONARY—A SERIOUS QUESTION—A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

PARIS, March 19, 1857.

The question as to whether we are or are not to be burnt up by the Comet on the 13th of June next, is still uppermost in the minds of a certain portion of the community. The newspapers publish letter after letter upon the subject; the *savans* by whom they are edited inclining to different views of the matter, and leaving the question very much where it was. The great chestnut tree of the Tuileries, which owes its name of *Vingt-Mars* to its old habit of coming into leaf by the 20th of March, but which for several years past has not merited that cognomen, is showing such magnificent buds as promise a fine leafy apparition for the 20th; oddly enough, the only year in which the present generation has had the pleasure of witnessing this phenomenon of early vegetation was in 1811, thus coinciding with the appearance of the great comet of that year. This state of the tree is, of course, a windfall to the believers in cometary influences, who are awaiting the first appearance of the formidable visitant with mingled impatience and anxiety. Meanwhile the shop-keepers, always on the watch to avail themselves of any passing excitement, are preparing to do so on the present occasion. Yesterday I noticed, in a milliner's window, a quantity of gay cap borders ticketed *Tours a la Comete*; in another week we shall see comet-cakes, comet-chocolate, comet hearthrugs, and comet parasols. *Figaro*, the popular comic journal, in quizzing the ridiculous excitement, advises its readers, if they really expect to go off in smoke in the course of the summer, to make the best use of the short time left them; counsels all despondent lovers, kept apart by ambitious or otherwise unmanageable papas, to rush to the altar, and pass together the few weeks remaining to them, all enemies to forget their anger and prepare to part in peace, and all who have money to set to work at once to spend it, to the very last farthing, crushing all the choicest luxuries of life into this last cup, and not forgetting to share the same with their less fortunate brethren, who will thus have had at least a taste of earthly felicity before the destruction of all earthly things has put an end to such a possibility.

Not that the Parisians need any inciting to induce them to drink the cup of pleasure themselves, however little they may compassionate the thirst of their poorer neighbors. It is said that no previous season has ever witnessed such lavish expenditure, and such a ceaseless whirl of balls and parties as the present. And as to the pleasures of the table, the luxurious Parisians have been feasting, for a month past, on artichokes, green peas, asparagus, kidney beans, new potatoes, and strawberries, imported from Algerian market-gardens. The development of Algerian industry, and of railways, will doubtless render these pleasant accessories of the table, a few years hence, abundant enough to be within the reach of more modest purses; at present they fetch a price that precludes their figuring on any tables but those of the rich.

The curiosity of the Parisians, agreeably titillated by the arrival of the Persian envoys with their magnificent costumes, and lavish presents, is now on the *qui vive* to catch a sight of Prince Danilo, sovereign of Montenegro, who has just arrived with his wife, and a suite, including the leading civil and military authorities of that hilly and uneasy country. The Prince is a good-looking fellow, 30 years of age, and wearing a splendid oriental costume, a Russian cap, and whiskers *a l'Anglaise*; his male followers are dressed in the same style, but all the ladies of the party wear exactly the dress of so many French women. All speak French fluently, but with a strong southern accent. It is rumored that the Emperor of Russia is coming here next Autumn. If he comes, he may be sure of achieving, to the very top of his bent, what the French call "a success of curiosity!"

This country is so admirably situated, just in the heart of Europe, and is so pleasantly gifted by nature and by art, that it is not surprising that the rest of the world is so apt to take it on its way from one point of the earth's surface to another; nor that so many barbarian and semi-barbarian potentates have sent their children hither to be educated in the French schools. The King of Dahomey, about whose army of Amazons we have been receiving such astounding reports of late, has just sent two of his "young hopefuls" to this country to be brought up *a la Francaise*. The Lyceum of Marseilles is the institution which King Guezo has chosen for his boys, who are described as fine, intelligent lads, of agreeable deportment, and greatly delighted with the uniform of the Lyceum, which, of course, they have adopted on entering the college. King Guezo is one of the most powerful of the African sovereigns; his capital is Abome, and the principal trading centre of his dominions, Whydah, on the Gulf of Guinea, has a population of 25,000 souls. About five years ago, the French army, M. Bonet, a lieutenant of marines, was received by Guezo, in his capital, with very great pomp; and among other troops drawn up in his honor, was the renowned Amazonian corps of 2,000 women, all in the most splendid of splendid uniforms. King Guezo has enlarged his dominions by successful war against his neighbors; he has three Ministers, (of the Interior, Marine, and Commerce, of Justice, and of Finance,) and a large number of subordinate officials, civil and military. All these dignitaries have their correspondents among the wives of the Sovereign; even the offices of the three Ministers being shared by lady-officials of corresponding dignity and power. The Dahomeyan army comprises 10,000 soldiers; a tenth of all merchandize that enters and leaves the cities is taken by the king's tax gatherers; and the cultivation and crops are said to be magnificent all over the kingdom. The country is deficient in stone; and the walls of the houses and fortifications are made of earth mixed with pebbles. The education of his sons in this country will necessarily exercise an important influence on the future destinies of that country. It is pleasant to see the "dark places of the earth" coming into the circle of civilization; and to think that probably, before very many years are over our heads, railways, with all their educational influences, will have begun netting the now hostile portions of the globe into one friendly whole.

Prospective tourists will be glad to know that on the 23rd of last month was laid the last stone of the magnificent viaduct, thanks to which the railway from Lyons to Geneva will cross the Rhone, at Grand-Camp. Forty-nine thousand cubic feet of masonry go to make up this viaduct; each of its eight arches has a span of 105 feet, and an elevation of 40 feet above the lowest water-level. The piles are 14 feet thick, and the total length of the viaduct is about one thousand feet.

The good people of Lyons have just had the pleasure of contemplating a precious evidence of the interesting and amiable peculiarities of the charming people who are exciting to such an unwonted pitch the disinterested sympathies of the Gladstone and D'Israeli coalition across the Channel. A few days since there arrived in that city the sole survivor of a band of five missionaries, who went out to China, three years ago, with a view to "gild the refined gold," and "add new perfume to the violet" of Chinese perfections, by inducing the Celestials to adopt the Christian faith. The four others have all been massacred with cruelties such as make one's hair stand on end to read of; and the fifth, the Abbe Belloc, whose return has created such a sensation in Lyons, was about to share the same fate, when he was miraculously rescued from the Celestials by a party of English sailors, who succeeded in getting their victim (or what remained of him) out of their diabolical clutches; the poor Abbe having undergone the most horrible tortures, in the course of which these fiends in human form had cut off his ears, his nose, and his right hand, preparatory to despatching him by the same mincing process. The last mail from China brings accounts of the murder of another unfortunate missionary, who has just been made the victim of Chinese barbarity, and who suffered a series of tortures at the hands of these yellow-skinned fiends that really make one sick to think of, his executioners at length tearing out the poor missionary's heart, which they fried in fat and greedily devoured, before their victim had ceased to live! Verily, the world contains herds of savage animals, and patches of poisonous vegetation, that seem to call for a crusade to make a clearance of all such nuisances from the face of the earth!—Moreover, is it not a piece of folly, sublime, undoubtedly, but still neither more nor less than *folly*, for a handfull of unarmed men to go out alone into the midst of brutal and savage nations, where they are sure, beforehand, of meeting with the most horrible fate? What possible good can come of such isolated, and necessarily sterile efforts? And are not commercial relations, the colony, the school, and the railway, the true, natural, and effectual *avant-couriers* of a higher civilization, morality and religion? The European world is beginning to see how idle it is to attempt to implant the subtleties of dogmatic theology among the classes who are held down to evil by poverty and ignorance; and to feel that a better material and intellectual life is the necessary basis for higher and purer morality. Why do we, then, persist, among our barbarous antipodes, in beginning the work of regeneration at the wrong end?

But enough on a subject that would lead us too far. "*Revenons a nos moutons*" of the handsome city of Lyons, where an incident of a more agreeable character has just occurred, to the satisfaction of gossips.

Among the numerous beggars to be seen on the Place Bellecœur, at Lyons, one of the best known is a poor woman, who has been in the habit of appealing to the sympathies of the passers, holding by the hand a little girl of such remarkable beauty that few could refuse a sou as they went by. This poor woman is a widow, the mother of six children, and utterly destitute. Mme. B., one of the richest ladies of Lyons, who has no children of her own, had long noticed the little girl, to whom she gave money whenever she saw her. One day, a short time ago, this lady bethought herself that she should like to buy the child of its mother, in order to adopt it as her own, and to bring it up as her heiress. Accordingly she found out the mother, stated what she wished to do, pointed out the advantages the little creature would gain, and offered the mother a large sum of money to aid her in bringing up the other children. Mme. B. demanded only one condition as the price of her favors, viz.: that the mother should totally resign all claims to the child, and should never attempt to see her again. After much hesitation, and many tears, the beggar-woman accepted the bargain; but begged the lady to keep the child a few days before drawing up the legal contract, that she might see how she could bear the loss. To this Mme. B. consented; and carried off the child in her carriage. Arrived at her new home, the little girl was subjected to the most thorough scrubbings and combings, and dressed in delicate clothing suitable to her new position. Caressed and petted, the child seemed perfectly happy; and Mme. B. rejoiced beforehand in the thought of the happiness she was both to give and to receive.

A few days after this transplantation Mme. B. had a party, and introduced to her friends her adopted child, whom, to avoid disagreeable remarks, she spoke of as being the daughter of an old friend, lately deceased, in a distant part of the country. Suddenly, when the guests were all admiring the lovely little girl, the door of the drawing-room was thrown open, and in rushed the beggar-woman in tears, and worked up to a wild pitch of excitement, who seized the child in her arms, covered her with kisses, and told the lady—stupefied at the sudden apparition—that she must take back her gifts, and give her back her child, whom she could not bear to part with. Weeping and sobbing she held the beautifully-dressed child in her arms, declaring that the sacrifice required of her was too great for her strength. The astonishment of the guests was naturally very great at this unexpected scene. But Mme. B. could not bring herself to give up her plan; she consented, however, to modify it, by leaving the mother free to come occasionally and visit her child, whom Mme. B. has now regularly adopted, and who will be one of the richest heiresses of that opulent city. QUANTUM.

THE VISITATION OF COCKROACHES.

Soon after we three sailed together in the Hastings for Rangoon, a most comfortless, overloaded vessel, where the poor subalterns had neither berths nor room in the steerage to hang a hammock, but were glad to be permitted the indulgence of a mattress on the floor of the cuddy—preferring that to the crowded steerage, where close air and unwholesome smells were ineffectual in expelling the revolting vermin that infested it. Cockroaches there actually swarmed, issuing at night, and, as it would seem at concerted moments, in voluminous squads from every crevice and cranny in the ship's timbers! Nor were we quite free from their nocturnal visits in our fastnesses in the large cabin. With what shuddering sensations used we to hear the first mysterious but unmistakeable movement made by their out runners preparatory to a sally! With what a shrinking of limbs, and gathering together of garments did we huddle under our sheets and palampores almost unto suffocation when from some one point or corner, we heard them commence their unaccountable race! First, a few straggling cohorts; presently a strong phalanx, extending in line; lastly, a whole force of millions, scampering over and across us the whole breadth and length of the cabin. And then, suddenly as it began, the inroad ceased, and all was still, save here and there a rustle, as of a slimy wing in contact with an obstacle; then how carefully we unwrapped ourselves, perspiring at every pore from our swaddling bands, and laughing, too, even whilst we shuddered to discover that some of our clammy assailants remained fixtures in the threads of our coverlets, or even struggled amidst our hair! And then, how we slammed about with slipper or shoe, wherever we thought there might be a chance of hitting a cockroach!

Now, has any great naturalist ever expounded the nature of these horrid creatures, and the causes which excite those sudden, brief, and mysterious outbreaks during certain watches of the night? But there were other and more grim insects—nay, reptiles, on board the Hastings than our innocent cockroaches, whose only cruelty was their frequent attempts to nibble our toe nails. Once we found a huge centipede in the lid of one of the lockers, on which at the moment Tandeld was adjusting his pillow; nor did I wonder that he screamed and fled even as a girl might do, for I felt very much inclined to do the same thing; and in the lower regions spiders of an enormous size were numerous—they must have been a species of tarantula, great, big-bellied, hairy, hideous monsters, of whom our native servants stood in great panic, accounting them, perhaps with reason, quite capable of inflicting a venomous bite. —*Calder Campbell's Episodes.*

VISITING THE IRISH COURT WITHOUT AN INVITATION.—Three ladies, daughters of a gentleman residing in a county town not thirty miles from Dublin, not having been honored with cards of invitation, determined to try their chance of admission without going through the necessary forms, and they were successful. Although quite unknown to the rest of the guests, they obtained partners, and danced merrily throughout the night. At length questions began to be asked as to the identity of the fair strangers, and Mr. Bagot, the chamberlain, having consulted his list, speedily ascertained that they had come unbidden to the feast; but no further notice was then taken of the matter, and the ladies were permitted to finish the night as they had begun it. On the day following, however, a billet from the chamberlain's office was despatched to the intruders, requesting to know upon what authority they had attended the ball on the night previous, as most positively he (the chamberlain) had not furnished them with the requisite passports. The reply was candid, and even conciliatory. They admitted that they had not been honored with invitations, but they kindly attributed the omission to an oversight on the part of the chamberlain, but as they knew that no offence was designed, no more need to be said upon the subject. The answer to this explanation was written in a totally different spirit, as the ladies were politely informed that upon a review of the case, the lord-lieutenant had come to the conclusion that their presence at the next drawing-room could be dispensed with.—Nowise abashed by this intimation, they rejoined that such a communication was altogether superfluous, as before its receipt they had reconsidered the slight put upon them on the previous occasion, and had resolutely made up their minds to discountenance the Irish court for the rest of the (so-called) fashionable season.

☞ A GOOD STORY TELLER.—There is a man in Algiers who tells such good stories, that his friends say it is dangerous to walk with him in the forests, for all the hyenas come round him to laugh.

☞ HOW TO WHISPER AWAY WARTS.—Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word.

THE CAMEL.

Importation of Camels by the Government of the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At the Second Session of the Thirty-Third Congress, the sum of thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for the purchase and importation of camels to be used in transporting military stores, and for other purposes.

It may appear singular that with an object of this magnitude in view, so small a sum should have been appropriated, but it was intended only to purchase and import the number sufficient to ascertain the practicability of transporting them across the ocean without loss, and acclimatizing them in this country. Fifty or sixty camels, it was considered, would be sufficient for this purpose, and it was supposed that when the feasibility of importing this useful animal in large numbers with economy, and of domesticating it in the United States, was fairly established, private enterprise would not be slow in following up the experiment with large importations.

In relating how the desired object has been effected, I hope to show that some generally entertained, but erroneous opinions, relative to the use of this animal in this country, are not warranted by facts.

The U. S. store ship Supply, a vessel of five hundred and forty seven tons, was employed for the purpose of transportation, and her commander, Lieut. D. D. Porter, of the Navy, directed the alterations which it was found necessary to make in her to fit her for this service.

The intended arrangements having been effected, the next thing ordered was a flat bottomed boat, and a camel car on trucks, to fit inside the boat. The boat being run up on a beach, and the camels driven into the car, they were readily taken alongside the ship. The shipment of camels is a troublesome operation, on account of the stubbornness of the animal in being put in the car, but once in, they are soon got on board. They could never be hoisted on board a ship with slings, such as are used for horses. Their weight is so great, they would be liable to injury. It is not necessary here to enter into a minute detail of the manner in which the camel car is constructed, nor of the harness made for each animal. Suffice it to say, that so well did both answer, that out of seventy-seven camels shipped in this way, not one received an injury of any kind.

When the full complement of camels was taken on board, it was found necessary to have a strong breast rope (defended by stout gutta percha air-bags,) running (or stretched) fore and aft the camel deck, in front of them. This rope, with its fenders rested against their breasts, and the side ropes of the harness were fastened to it. The ship might then have been thrown on her beam ends without a camel moving.

Major Henry C. Wayne, U. S. Army, and Lieutenant D. D. Porter, U. S. Navy, were selected by the Secretary of War to carry out the views of Congress. Major Wayne preceded the Supply to the Mediterranean, via England. Mr. Gwinn Harris Heap, of Pennsylvania, whose long residence in the East, it was supposed, would render him useful in the selection and purchase of the camels, was added to the Commission, and went in the ship.

After these arrangements were completed, 75,000 lbs. of hay, a corresponding quantity of oats, and thirty-three thousand gallons of water were shipped. Some stores for the United States Squadron in the Mediterranean, were also taken on board, and the Supply sailed from New York on the 28th of May, 1855, for Spezzia, the U. S. Naval Depot in the Mediterranean, where she arrived on the 12th of July.

As soon as communication with the shore was allowed—five days quarantine having been ordered by the authorities at Spezzia—Captain Porter and Mr. Heap proceeded, in accordance with instructions from the Secretary of War, to Florence and Pisa to examine the camels belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which are kept on his farms near those cities.

These camels number about two hundred, and are the descendants of a few couples brought to Tuscany at the period of the Crusades (few of the greatest houses of Europe can boast a more ancient descent) by a grand prior of Pisa of the order of Saint John. From thirty to forty are worked on the Grand Duke's farms and are stabled, but the remainder are left to wander about in the pine barrens and on the sea shore, where they pick up a scanty subsistence.

That they should have increased at all, notwithstanding the little care taken of them and the difference of climate, is a strong evidence of the endurance and hardiness of this animal. Pisa is in 43 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and though the climate is milder than it is in the same latitude in the United States—the cold in winter is sometimes very severe, and the rains at that season are invariably frequent and heavy.

They have either degenerated or the original stock was of an inferior breed; but it is probable that the deterioration consequent upon the system of breeding in and in, has had here its fullest influence, for it could not be ascertained that there had ever been any renewal of the stock. With all these disadvantages, they were of fair size, and after freeing the statements of their keeper of Italian exaggeration, it was evident that they were able to perform very severe labor. From what could be ascertained, it appeared that two of these camels did the work of six horses or mules, at the cost of maintenance of one only of the latter. The keeper states that they were able to carry burdens of from twelve to fourteen hundred English pounds, but it is not likely that these camels could rise under so ponderous a load, only the strongest Turcoman camels could do this, and *they* can carry such a burden a short distance only. The load that the Tuscan camels are probably able to carry is from five to six hundred weight, which is the burden of camels of their size in Asia and Barbary.

It is only in winter and when fodder is scarce in the woodland fields, or when heavy labor is required of them, that the working camels on the farm are stabled and fed. At all other times they are turned loose to subsist on grass and the leaves and stalks of trees and shrubs.

These camels are the property of the Grand Duke, and are kept more for show than for use. They are too numerous for the work they have to perform. Many are kept in the Cascine of Florence; but at the time the "Camel Commission" was there, they had been removed to Pisa, as it was feared that their ungainly appearance might throw confusion into the ranks of the Grand Ducal cavalry, during some grand military manœuvres.

The Supply having discharged the stores for the squadron, and Major Wayne having joined her, she sailed for Tunis, touching at Naples for fonds.

At Tunis a camel was bought, on which to try a series of experiments, to ascertain the best mode of treating them on board ship, and as it was feared that these experiments might prove injurious to the animal, a common one was purchased for about fifty dollars. The Bey of Tunis upon being informed of the object of the Supply's visit sent two camels on board. One was a fine animal, and was ultimately landed in Texas, but the other was of an inferior breed, and with the one purchased, met an untimely end at Constantinople.

Tunis is perhaps one of the best places in the Mediterranean to purchase camels for importation to the United States. The climate is similar to that of Texas, and the face of the country is diversified with hills and plains. Though the mercury seldom falls to freezing point, heavy and continuous rains fall in winter, and are perhaps more trying to animals exposed to them, than a severe degree of cold. The camel of Tunis is therefore inured to inclement weather, and is generally a hardier and healthier animal than that of Syria or Egypt. Great heat is injurious to the camel, particularly if of long continuance, and in very hot climates it is subject to the itch and other cutaneous diseases from which they are generally free in colder ones. Tunisian camels, particularly those of Sous, Sfax and Djerbi, are good breeders, being entirely free from the taint of any inferior cross—and approach the high bred dromedary in shape, gait and speed. The animal is also cheaper in Tunis than it now is in Asia Minor, and the distance saved is also of some moment.

The best of the two camels presented by the Bey of Tunis, and which was named *Mohamet*, was taken on board on the 8th of August, 1855, and was landed in Texas on the 13th of May, 1856, a period of 280 days, during which time he was never out of the ship. He was not a day off his feed, and improved in every respect. This must in a great measure be attributed to the excellent care taken of him—but no amount of care or skill would have saved a horse, mule, ass or ox, from injury, sickness or suffering during so long a period on board ship, and it proves how perfectly safe it will be to import these animals from any point however distant.

The camel that was purchased, and the smaller of the two presented by the Bey, were kept on board until late in October. The last one was somewhat injured by the Arab boatmen who brought him alongside, and as is frequently the case when camels are maltreated, soon showed unequivocal symptoms of itch, which he communicated to the other. This afforded a good opportunity to experiment on the best mode of curing this disease to which camels are so liable—and it was found that a liberal use of sulphur inwardly and outwardly, and frequent washing with castile soap soon overcame the most obstinate cases. The Arabs smear their camels with pitch as soon as they show any signs of cutaneous disease, and though this may prevent its spreading to other animals, it seldom effects a cure under five or six months. By means of the remedies used on board the Supply, all traces of this troublesome disease were removed in a few days, and this, which was one of the objections urged against the shipment of large numbers in one vessel, was found like many others, entirely groundless. Subsequently, on the voyage home, one or two of the camels obtained in Egypt became mangy; they were immediately "quarantined," by separating them from the rest with tarpaulins, and after a few days treatment, were admitted to "pratique" without danger to public health.

But to continue the history of Saadi and Raffo, the two Tunisian camels. They were ultimately landed in Constantinople and sold there, as neither of them were worth bringing to the United States. They were purchased by a Greek butcher, at a reduced price, and, as I am credibly informed, converted into sausages for the French troops quartered at Mathiak, near Pera.

From Tunis the Supply sailed for Malta, where she conveyed Lady Baynes, the widow of H. B. M.'s Consul General at Tunis, her daughter and suite, and after landing them, proceeded to the Levant. In the Archipelago severe gales were experienced, which compelled her to put into Milo in company with a fleet of French ships of the line, conveying troops to the Crimea. In consequence of this detention the Supply did not reach Smyrna until early in September.

All the inland trade of Asia Minor is carried on by means of camels, and the narrow streets of Smyrna are often blocked up with these huge animals, loaded with the produce of the interior. They come from great distances, even as far as Armenia and Persia, and in their long journeys, traverse every variety of soil and climate. Though horses and mules are as numerous as camels in Asia Minor, and the country produces everywhere abundant pasturage, their use as animals of burden is trifling compared to the camel, whose endurance, economy of keep, and carrying capacity, make him preferable to all other animals.

Ali Pacha Meidan, a square in the southern part of Smyrna, is crowded every morning with droves of camels. After discharging their loads in the city, they leave at once, and rest for the night near the Pont des Caravanes, which is the favorite and almost unique promenade of the Smyrnaists. It spans the river Meles, which being dammed just below the bridge, presents a rather full body of stagnant and turbid water. On its banks, shaded by mulberry and sycamore trees, are numerous coffee houses, where the Turk loves to pass long dreamy hours, lulled by the gurgling of his narghileh. On Sundays, it is the resort of Christians: on the opposite bank is one of the principal Mahometan cemeteries, with its thick growth of funereal cypresses, in the gloom of which the upright marble tablets gleam like spectres. The camels lie down on the sandy banks of the Meles below the dam, and though hundreds assemble there at a time, scarcely a sound is heard from them. They crouch in circles around their bran, barley, or chopped straw, which they eat in peace and quiet, and wherever they are made to lie down in the evening they will be found in the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞ "What a strange thing it is that with such a name you should be such a wicked fellow!" said Mr. Steel to Mr. Good. "Not at all," was the reply, "seeing that you, notwithstanding your name, are so very soft."

THE WIDOWER'S WARNING.

BY WILLIAM WILLS.

'Twas when wind and woodland grappled, and the dawn rose drear and dappled,
Barred with cloud, like streaming pennant, that my young wife dying lay;
And dim warnings passed before her, in the twilight shadows o'er her,
Warnings to the spirit tenant, ere should fall the home of clay.

Prayer was vain for death to leave her—prayer that God would stay the fever;
Night and morn, we both besought him to remove the hectic bloom.
Spring-tide gave the fatal blooming, Summer found the bud consuming,
And God took her in the autumn—and the red leaves strewed her tomb.

Years have past. This morn I wandered through the graves and idly pondered,
How the ivy-trails crept higher on the stone at Amy's grave;
How the emerald mosses stained it—how the lichens pale engrained it,
How the autumn-crimsoned briar its fantastic shadow gave;
So I mused, for grief is listless, and a longing came, restless,
Once again to slumber by her, where the dreaming shadows wave.

On the dark rank grass I laid me; Amy's spirit seemed to shade me,
Every sense in sleep surprising; with sleep-sounds the air was rife;
Ah, once more we slept together, in the soft and sunny weather,
And the slumber-sounds seemed rising—the old graveyard teemed with life!

Voices of past generations came in mystic low vibrations,
Pitifully around me straying—vague and awful mutterings;
Youthful voices—infant lispers—and the old men's broken whispers,
Would I knew what they were saying! murmuring of forgotten things.

Then, from Amy's rayless dwelling, came a tender tone upwelling,
The old graveyard thrilled and trembled, like an ocean murmuring shell.
First it came, a sobbing mutter—then as silver tongues did utter
Those sad words—my heart-pulse bounded to the voice I knew so well.

Strange!—the words so heavy-hearted, have from memory departed,
Though in fancy still I hear her, yet the sense I can't recall.
But I think it was a warning, sent through visions of the morning
That I soon should slumber near her, in the soundest sleep of all!

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

The first letter received by Mr. Hardy from the principal of the school to which Helen was sent, or rather taken by her father, had in it this sentence:

"So far we have been unable to gain any encouraging access to the mind of your daughter. It is just one week since you left her here, and she has scarcely tasted food, or ceased weeping, during the whole time. I am afraid that she will become seriously ill."

Another letter was contained within this one, giving the darker shade of the picture, in which Helen was spoken of as getting on tolerably well, and becoming daily better pleased with the change. This was for the mother's eyes. How the consistent, truth loving John Hardy reconciled this duplicity with his strong sense of right, is a problem we will not stop to solve. His answer was in this wise. We take only a few sentences from his letter—

"Time and perseverance accomplish all things. The state of my daughter's mind only illustrates what I said to you of the morbid development of her character under a one-sided home influence. You see that she has scarcely any endurance, self reliance, or self-denial. A few years longer under the old order of things and she must have been totally destroyed. Be firm with her. Do not abate a single iota in the rule of conduct required. The discipline may be painful, but it must be salutary. I think you may be satisfied of one thing, that her external condition is more grievous than her internal state. I will not call her sinful, but I am quite ready to believe, that in order to work upon all our feelings, she will assume quite as much as she endures, and a great deal more. Be patient with her for a little while, and all will come right."

A week later, and the principal of the institution wrote—

"I cannot say that there is any change for the better. Helen, it is true, comes into her class, and studies the lessons we assign her, and manifests a willingness to comply with all the rules of the school. But a smile has never been seen on her sad face, and in no instance has any one entered her room when she was alone there, without finding her in tears. I am afraid of the effect upon her health of this forced removal from home."

"I will take all the responsibility touching her health," wrote back Mr. Hardy. "She will tire of weeping in the end. The fact that she is giving her mind to her studies, I regard as a very encouraging one. It is to increased mental activity that I look for the beginning of a salutary change. As her thoughts become more engaged with the real things presented in her lessons, feeling will subside. I am encouraged."

Helen wrote every week to her mother; this was as often as the father would permit. The letters came through his hands and were suppressed! A single paragraph from the first one will show their tenor, and her state of mind:—

"I am trying to be patient, and to study. Everybody is kind to me! and everybody seems to pity me. I am very unhappy. Oh, mother!—dear mother! Can't you come and see me? I would give the world to look into your face again, and feel your arms around my neck. Ask father to let you come. Tell him that if he will just let you visit me once, I will be a great deal better afterwards. Oh, it seems to me as if I will die if I do not see you."

Mr. Hardy crumpled the letter in his hand impatiently, and threw it into the fire.

"Die?" he muttered half in contempt. "How soon the girl puts on the woman! Women are always going to die if things don't shape themselves to their wishes. But dying isn't so easily accomplished."

Two, three, four, five weeks went slowly by, dragging to the heart-sick child their weary train of hours along, and in all that time there came not a single line or token from her mother. Her father's letters, filled with good advice, and written quite as much for the eyes of the principal of the school as for her own, came regularly; but they had not a word in them about her mother. Rendered desperate at last, the poor child wrote these brief words to her father:—

"I am coming home. I do not wish to disobey you, and, therefore, shall not wait for you to forbid my coming. You can punish me in any manner that you think I deserve. But no punishment is as fearful to think of as what I now endure. HELEN."

Two days after this letter was written, Helen stood on the threshold of her father's house, and on being admitted by the startled servant, rushed wildly up stairs, calling out—

"Mother! Mother! Dear mother! Where are you, mother?"

But the mother's voice answered not. Into the household room she burst, with the word "Mother!" flung eagerly from her lips. There were all her sisters and brothers, and a strange, but matronly looking woman sitting among them.

"Oh, Helen!" exclaimed the sisters in surprise, starting forward to meet her.

"Where is mother?" cried the bewildered girl. "Oh, where is mother?" A sudden pallor overspread her face.

"Your mother is not here," said the strange woman, rising and coming towards Helen.

"Where is she?" A wild, demanding emphasis, was in the young girl's voice.

"Mother is sick, and they took her away from here last week," said one of the younger children.

There was a meaning in this answer instantly comprehended, and with a cry of anguish that chilled the heart of the stranger she had found in her mother's place, Helen fell backwards. The woman caught her in her arms ere her form struck the floor.

Mr. Hardy was sent for instantly. Also the family physician. The anger of the former, when he saw Helen at home, was stronger than pity or alarm at the condition in which he found her. He had not really believed her threat. The serious air of the physician, and the grave, searching nature of his queries, soon changed the character of Mr. Hardy's feelings. He pressed upon him question after question in regard to Helen's state of mind at school, and the causes of her sudden return against the wishes of her father, and did it so closely and rapidly, that considerably more was admitted by Mr. Hardy than would have been done if he had been able to keep his guard—or than sounded well even in his own ears.

"This is a serious matter," remarked the physician, as he sat looking anxiously into the thin, death-like face of the child. "Helen is of too sensitive an organization to come into rough contact with the world, or to bear any sudden shocks. Did she know of her mother's illness?"

"Not a word until now," was answered.

The physician asked no more questions, but set himself earnestly to the work of restoration. In about an hour Helen was so far recovered as to recognize her sisters. Returning consciousness was followed by violent weeping.

Mr. Hardy had been taken from the room by the doctor, as soon as signs of life were observed, and when alone, the latter said—

"As far as I am able to understand your daughter's case, it appears that she has left school without your consent, and returned home, and this while in entire ignorance of her mother's unhappy condition, the first intimations of which, on her arrival, so shocked her feelings as to produce a state of unconsciousness. Now justly displeased as you may be on account of her disobedience, let me caution you not to say anything on the subject at present. There is no calculating the mental injury she may have already sustained; and if you add to her sufferings the smart of your displeasure, the worst consequences may follow. Poor child! To what a sad consciousness is she now returning."

Mr. Hardy promised all that the physician required. The serious tone and countenance with which the latter had admonished him, threw into his mind some unpleasant convictions. Doubts also intruded themselves. He might have been too rigid in the execution of his purposes. But he "meant all for the best."

When the doctor returned to the chamber where he had left Helen, with her attendants, he went in alone; Mr. Hardy, at his request, remaining behind. She was so far restored as to recognize him instantly; and her first words as he bent over her were—

"Does father know that I am here?"

"Yes; he knows it."

"Tell him not to send me back to school, doctor, will you?" She spoke in an imploring voice, and raised herself partly from the pillow as she spoke. "I cannot go there again. I would rather die."

"He will not send you back, Helen," replied the doctor, confidently.

"He is very angry with me, I know he is," she whispered, looking with a fearful countenance towards the door. "But I couldn't help coming home, doctor. I want to see my mother so much—my mother, from whom not one word had come to me from the hour I left her! Oh, doctor! Where is she? Tell me! For I must know!" And her eyes glanced wildly about the room.

As best he could the doctor soothed and assured her; and then commanded absolute repose and silence. But how easy to command these—how fruitless, at times, the command! As well might we say to the heart, "Cease your pulsations and yet give life to the body!" Helen could not rest—could not be silent. "Where is my mother? Tell me of my mother!" This was the incessant cry.

"Your mother has been very ill," said the doctor. "But for this she would have written to you."

"Why did they not tell me of it? Why did they not send for me?" she demanded, in so firm and self-possessed a voice, that the doctor looked at her thin, pale, almost child-like face in surprise.

"You could not have helped her by your presence. It was, therefore, thought wisest not to distress you by the painful intelligence," replied the doctor.

"Where is she now?"

The doctor was silent.

"Is she in the house?"

"No."

"In the Asylum?"

"My dear child!" said the kind doctor, laying his hand upon the excited girl and gently bearing her back upon the pillow from which she had arisen, "this must not be! You do yourself great harm. Wait until you are better and stronger—then I will answer all your questions."

"I will never be better nor stronger, doctor, until these questions are answered," was the firm reply. "Is my mother in the Asylum?"

"She is."

A quick shudder ran through the poor girl's frame; and her white face turned to a more deathly hue. Her dark lashes fell slowly upon her cheeks, hiding the glassy lustre of her eyes. The hands, lying across her bosom, drew together and the fingers united in a firm clasp as of one in prayer. And she did pray, for the lips moved in the sight of those who looked tearfully upon her. For a long time there was no change in her position; but a visible change slowly passed over her countenance. It became more tranquil. At last, unclosing her eyes, she looked up to the doctor, who still remained at the bedside, and said in a low, steady voice—

"I will do all that you require." Then drawing his head down, she whispered—

"Be my friend, doctor. Oh, be my friend!"

"Trust me, dear child!" replied the physician, moved by this sudden appeal. "I am and will be your true friend."

"How is she, doctor?" asked Mr. Hardy, calmly, as the physician came from the sick chamber.

"She is in a quiet, and, I trust, promising condition. If all disturbing causes are withdrawn, we may hope for a speedy recovery."

"I am afraid when she learns all the truth about her mother that the effect will be injurious."

"She has already guessed the truth."

Mr. Hardy sighed deeply.

"Let me advise," said the doctor, "your entire silence on this, and every other subject calculated to disturb her mind. Leave her entirely in my hands, and trust, as far as you can, to my judgment in her case. There is mental as well as bodily sickness, and a true physician should minister to both."

"She is in your hands," replied Mr. Hardy, almost meekly. "I trust you in the fullest confidence."

When the doctor came on the next morning, he was surprised to find Helen sitting up, and looking, except for her pale face, but little like an invalid. Two of her sisters, and the stranger before mentioned, were in the room.

"I wish to see you alone, doctor," said Helen a little while after his entrance. The other inmates of the room retired. There was a womanly self-possession about the slender girl that surprised the physician.

"I have asked no questions of any one about my mother," she began, "since I received from you, yesterday, the information I sought. Now I wish you to tell me all about her. The cause of her affliction I believe I know."

"Do you?" The physician's face lighted instantly. "Then I should know it also, for on that knowledge, almost solely, may depend her cure. Speak to me freely, my child."

"We should never have been separated, doctor. We cannot live apart. If she suffered all that I suffered, weak as she was at the time I was forced away, I do not wonder at the dreadful consequences."

"Could that have been the cause, Helen?" The doctor seemed half incredulous.

"If you had seen my mother's face as I saw it, when I looked upon it last, you would not doubt for a moment. We should never have been separated. But I say this only to you, doctor. Father was wrong—he was hard—he was cruel; but only in your ears do I speak this, and it is only for your ears. He meant right. Father meant right. But tell me how she is!"

"Her mind has wandered from the way of reason," said the doctor. "About a week after you went away I was sent for, and found her in a strange condition. She had not slept, they told me, for a great many nights. There was a wild look in her eyes, and she had a rambling way of talking. She was dressed as if to go out, with the exception of not having on a bonnet, and she told me, in a confidential way, that she had been made a prisoner in the house by your father, and that she knew he wished to kill her, and would do so unless she could get away. I did all in my power to quiet her fears, and, for her sleepless condition, prescribed powerful anodynes. On the second day sleep came, and she remained under the influence of morphine for three days. But her mind was yet astray. There still remained the idea that she was a prisoner, and her life in danger. About two weeks ago she was discovered in the act of leaping from a window. I advised her immediate removal to the Asylum, which was done."

"How is she now?" asked the eager listener as soon as the doctor ceased speaking.

"Not as well as I could wish; yet, for most of the time, she is in a tranquil state."

"Doctor—" Helen's manner was firm—"I must go to her, and remain with her."

The doctor shook his head.

"Don't say no," she spoke with pleading earnestness. "The first wrong step was in our separation—that must be retraced. Let us begin here if we would begin right. There is no other hope."

The doctor looked at the young girl as her form seemed to rise into womanly dignity, with a feeling of surprise and admiration. Conviction forced itself upon his mind. He saw that she was right.

"We must wait a few days until you are stronger," said he. "The trial will be severe."

"Fearful consequences hang on every hour," replied Helen, firmly, and with a maturity of expression that more than ever surprised the doctor. "There is not a moment to be lost. I am as strong for this duty to-day as I will ever be—nay, stronger."

"I must counsel with your father," said the doctor.

"He will not consent, and the matter will only be made worse."

The physician thought for some minutes. He saw, he felt, that Helen was right; yet his slower judgment came but tardily to the approval.

"Do you think you are strong enough to bear this trial?" he asked, with manifest concern.

"Stronger to bear it than a single hour's absence from my dear, dear mother! Oh, doctor! take me to her at once. I feel as if my heart would burst with impatience!"

The good physician hesitated no longer, but gave his consent, and, as soon as Helen could be made ready to accompany him, took her in his carriage and drove her out to the Asylum.

She was silent and abstracted all the way, somewhat to the doctor's disappointment. He wished to give her many directions, and to suggest many cautions. He expected her to refer to him, and ask instruction as to the best way of approaching her mother, and the best way of dealing with her; and he had thought out what seemed to him a judicious course of conduct. But while he waited for her to inquire of him, she was diligently inquiring of a safer and wiser teacher—her own loving heart.

Up the long avenue of trees leading to the Asylum, the doctor's carriage passed, and he was at the gate of entrance without having made any arrangement with Helen as to the manner in which they should approach her mother.

"I will visit her first," said the doctor, as he conducted Helen into one of the ante-rooms.—"You remain here while I see the matron, and ascertain her state of mind for to-day."

"Does she know you?" asked Helen.

"Yes; and talks to me very sanely, sometimes."

"Then she will know me!" The face of Helen brightened.

The doctor left her, but soon returned with word that her mother was sleeping. The matron said that she had been unusually disturbed all the morning, and had wept a great deal, mentioning for the first time the name of her daughter Helen, and complaining that she had deserted her like all the rest of her friends.

"I will go to her, and remain with her alone until she wakes," said Helen.

The doctor looked doubtful, and appealed to the matron.

"Do not say no!"

The matron gazed with something of wonder upon the slender girl.

"Do not say no!" repeated Helen. "Take me to my mother, and leave me alone with her."

"It may be best," said the matron; and she conducted Helen to the room where the invalid lay in a deep sleep.

One look at the changed, wan face, buried deep in the snowy pillow, caused tears to blind the eyes and wet the cheeks of Helen. The impulse to throw herself upon her bosom and cover her lips and cheeks with kisses, was so strong, that she could with difficulty restrain herself. How full of yearning love—of tenderness—of pity, was her heart! How all the affections of her soul went out to this dear mother! But self-control was maintained. Love made her strong. After gazing upon that beloved form for some time in silence, she turned aside, and removing her bonnet and shawl, smoothed back her hair, and made preparations to remain with her mother. After a few whispered words, the matron retired, and she was left alone with the sleeper.

How very rapidly had Helen grown old in the last few days! From a weak, suffering girl, yearning to fly back to her mother's side, that she might bury her face in her bosom, feel her protecting arms around her, and hear her tones of love once more in her ears, she had changed almost into a thoughtful woman. The clinging vine had suddenly gained strength, and was now offering, instead of claiming, support. As she sat looking upon the face of her mother, she did not resolve in her thoughts the words best to be spoken, when the deep slumber now locking up the external senses should break, and the soul look forth again upon the outer world. She left all that for the time when words were needed. Her heart would be the wisest prompter.

For nearly half-an-hour Helen kept her place by the sleeper, scarcely moving for the whole time. At the end of this period, there were signs of restlessness. These subsided, and all was still again. Helen had turned from the bed, and stood gazing from the window, when a movement caused her to look around. The eyes of her mother were open. What a thrill went along every nerve! Neither spoke, but their eyes rested on each other with something of a mental fascination. Helen ceased, for a few moments, to breathe.

Slowly the mother rose up in the bed, still keeping her eyes upon her daughter's face, with something of curious wonder in the expression of her own.

"Helen!"

The name was uttered in a low whisper.

"Helen!" she repeated, as her face came nearer to the face of her child.

It was a superhuman self-control that enabled Helen to repress the impulse that would have thrown her, uttering a wild exclamation, upon her mother's breast.

"Dear mother!"

She also spoke in a whisper, and very, very calmly. Love gave her the wisdom to perceive what to do, and power to act right.

What a gleam of joy was flung into the mother's face, as the tones of her child, even in a faint whisper, entered her ears, and were recognized by her heart.

"Helen! Helen! dear Helen! Oh, is it, indeed, my precious one?"

"Dear mother!" Helen still maintained her self control. "I am with you again, and will always be with you."

"Not here! No, not here!" And shadows fell over her mother's face. "They won't let you stay here."

"Then I will take you away," said Helen, firmly. "For I am never going to leave you any more."

"Oh, I'm so glad!—so glad!" And light returned to the mother's countenance.

Helen now kissed her tenderly, but not with the wild impulse that was in her heart, and said:

"I am to be your nurse until you get well.—The doctor says so."

"Did he? I'm so glad!—so glad!" repeating her words with a kind of childish delight.

"Yes. That is all arranged; and I'll make you such a good nurse! Oh, you shall be well again in a little while."

With an instinct beyond her years, the daughter had seen the true state of her mother's perceptions of things, and with a wisdom of self-command equally as far beyond her years, had met her state with the right exterior and the right words.

"I've been very sick since I saw you, dear." The face of Mrs. Hardy grew serious. "I don't know what's been the matter with me. But I've been very sick. I'm getting better now, and the doctor says I'll soon be well again."

"Oh, yes, you are a great deal better," replied Helen, with smiling encouragement, "and as I am to be your nurse, you will grow better very fast." A shower of kisses followed the words.

"I want no other medicine. Your kisses will make me well," said the mother, light playing again over her countenance.

"As I am now your nurse, I must enjoin freedom from all excitement," remarked Helen, gently pressing back the form of her mother, until her head rested upon the pillow from which she had arisen: "and you will be, I know, the best of patients."

Mrs. Hardy made no resistance. Indeed, the little authority assumed by her daughter rather pleased than annoyed her. From the curious way in which she looked up into her face, it was plain that some thoughts of a puzzling character were flitting through her mind.

"I don't know why you stayed away so long," she remarked, at length, seriously.

"They wouldn't let me come—that was the reason," replied Helen.

"Who wouldn't let you come?"

Now this was a question which Helen felt it difficult to answer; for the answer might do harm. So she remained silent.

"Oh, well, you needn't say who it was. I know all about it. It isn't right for children to speak against their father. He's your father, dear, and the Bible tells us to honor our parents. Yes, it was his work. I know all about it. He tried to kill me; but God wouldn't let him."

The blood seemed to grow cold in the veins of Helen. But she commanded herself, and replied, in a soothing voice,

"We won't think anything more about that, mother; it will only make us feel badly. The doctor is on our side, and he won't let any body separate us again."

At this moment, the glance of Helen fell upon a Bible, and, almost without thinking, she said—

"I used to read to you out of the Bible when I was a little girl. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes. I remember." The shadows went instantly from the face of Mrs. Hardy.

"Shall I read to you again?" And Helen stepped across the room, and brought back the Bible in her hand.

"Yes, love."

Helen opened the Book, and in a low, reverent voice, read one of the beautiful parables of our Lord. Mrs. Hardy listened with earnest attention, and when her daughter paused, looked up, and said—

"Read on, dear."

For nearly twenty minutes Helen sat and read from the Holy Book, her mother lying all the while as still as a sleeping infant. The doctor and matron, anxious to know the effect of Helen's presence upon her mother, had several times come near the door, and gained some intelligence of what was passing, without giving any sign of their presence. They returned again, at this period, and both were much affected by what they saw and heard. Retiring, noiselessly, they consulted as to what was now best to be done. The doctor's time was limited; it was impossible, without neglecting patients who needed his attention, to remain any longer; and both deemed it unwise yet to intrude upon Helen and her mother. It was finally concluded that the doctor should return to the city, and come out again late in the afternoon.

Half an hour afterwards, the matron went to Mrs. Hardy's room. She found her patient walking the floor, with Helen leaning upon her arm.

"Good-morning!" said Mrs. Hardy, smiling cheerfully. "You see I have a visitor. My daughter!"

"Good-morning, dear!" returned the matron, advancing and taking the hand of the young girl. "I am happy to meet you; and hope you have come to spend some time with us."

"Oh, yes. She's going to stay," said Mrs. Hardy, quickly. "Helen is my eldest daughter," she added, fondly, bending down and looking into her face. "She's been away from home, and has just returned. Isn't she a dear girl!"

"Indeed she is," replied the matron. "I don't wonder you are proud of her. You must take her around, and show her our beautiful place. There is not a lovelier spot anywhere."

"Oh, yes. I'm going to show her everything," said Mrs. Hardy. "It will be so delightful!"

Pleased at the suggestion, Mrs. Hardy called for a hood, and in a few minutes was out in the garden, with Helen leaning on her arm. For nearly two hours they moved amid flowers, trees, and shrubbery, the mind of the invalid interested all the while in pointing out new beauties to her daughter. At the end of this time, some remark made by Helen, threw the mother's thoughts upon her little children, and all the yearning love of her soul quickened into instant life. Tears began to rain down her cheeks, and sobs to convulse her bosom.

"We must go home, Helen," said she, with so firm a purpose in the tones of her voice, that her daughter's heart began to tremble. "I have been away from the children a long time, and it isn't right. I wonder where the doctor is? He brought me out here this morning, and left me to see some patients in the house. He is spending a long time with them. Come! Let us go in and see what detains him."

"He has gone back to the city, I believe," Helen ventured to say; "but will be out again before evening. He had some patients that needed to be seen."

"Gone back to the city!" Mrs. Hardy looked confounded. "That is strange conduct! I don't understand it!"

There was no vacancy in her countenance, but an earnest displeasure.

Greatly to the relief of Helen, she saw the matron approaching them, and said, with some presence of mind, "Let us ask this lady about the doctor."

The matron came up, and Helen managed to convey to her a look and gesture of warning.

"I don't exactly understand this, madam," said Mrs. Hardy. "My daughter tells me that Doctor ——— has returned to the city."

"He has, but will soon be back again," was replied in a polite, rather deferential manner, as if she were speaking to a stranger.

"It was very wrong in him, and I am seriously displeased. My children will be in trouble about my long absence. Isn't there any way for me to get back to the city before he finds it convenient to return?"

"None, I believe, madam. Our carriage is away, and will not be back until evening."

"It is too bad! I don't see what the doctor means by taking this liberty with me."

"He thought you would enjoy a few hours in this delightful place," said Helen; "and as he had to go back to the city very soon, he did not wish to hurry you away. He'll make it all plain enough when he returns, you may be certain."

"Doctor ——— is something of an oddity, you know," remarked the matron; "and often takes professional liberties with his patients. You have been on the invalid's list for some time—have confined yourself too closely at home, with your children. Change, fresh air, country sights and sounds, the doctor thought indispensable; and so he has cheated you into their enjoyment for a few hours. It was something of a liberty, I must admit; and I would scold him well for it. But now that you are in this pleasant place, with so much light and beauty around you, act the part of wisdom, and draw from them health of mind and body."

"Just what I would say, dear mother!" joined in Helen. "The children will do well enough. Let us enjoy these country sights and sounds, and delicious odors. Are not these garden walks delightful; these flowers pleasant to look upon; the cooling shadows of these great trees like the blessing of peace from heaven!"

Mrs. Hardy turned with a look of surprise to her daughter, and said—

"Why, Helen, dear, you talk like a grown up woman, instead of a girl!"

"Do I?" She smiled lovingly upon her mother. "It is the scene that has inspired me."

"I wish I could see every thing as beautiful as you do, my dear. But I see only the children at home, from whom it seems as if I had been parted for an age, and only desire to return to them. How soon will the doctor be back?"

She turned with an anxious look to the matron.

"In about an hour."

"An hour! An hour!" She repeated the words. "Well, it wasn't right, and I am very much displeased with him."

"Won't you come in and take some refreshment?" said the matron. "You have been walking here for a long time, and must be fatigued."

"Yes, dear mother," urged Helen. "I feel tired and hungry, and I know that you must be overwearied. Let us accept the lady's kind invitation."

"Come," said the matron, turning towards the house.

Helen drew upon the arm of her mother, who made no objection, and they followed.

A table was set, under the direction of the matron, and dinner served to Mrs. Hardy and her daughter. Before the meal was ended, the doctor arrived. Being informed of the change in the state of his patient's mind, he deemed it best, on consideration, to go in upon her unannounced, and decide, after an interview, whether it would be best to take her home, or leave her at the Asylum. A single glance at her changed countenance, told him that the light of reason had dawned once more, though it burned, yet, only with a feeble flame. She scolded him severely, saying that she was seriously offended at his conduct, and insisted upon his taking her home immediately.

It was necessary, the doctor saw, to make his decision on the instant. He looked into Helen's face, and read her desire for acquiescence. This turned the scale, and he said promptly.

"I must excuse myself, madam, by saying," he spoke in a tone of apology—"that I thought a couple of hours in this pleasant place would do you more good than all my medicine. But come. My carriage is waiting, and I will drive you home in the quickest possible time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ENRAGED MONKEY.—The next remarkable place that we halted at was Saltgar, noted all over India for the quantity and excellence of the oranges it produces. The whole place was infested and overrun with monkeys, the most mischievous and rascally to be encountered in India. I recollect the terror with which I saw these brutes hopping from tree to tree, or boldly mingling with the throng that were in the fruit gardens, grinning and chattering at any one that menaced them, after a most alarming fashion. It is astonishing how soon monkeys can distinguish a child from a man, and with what contempt they invariably treat the former. Not a roof or a cocoanut tree at Saltgar but what has teemed with monkeys, and the place being exclusively occupied by Brahmins, they led a very flea gentlemanly kind of life of it. An anecdote is told of a young cadet who was silly enough to fire at and wound one of those creatures; the moaning of the poor brutes so forcibly reminded him of frail humanity, that he inwardly resolved never to be guilty of such a folly again; and with this resolve retired to rest at the bungalow, having first luckily bolted the door and windows. At midnight, he was awakened by a hideous uproar on the roof, when to his dismay and horror he descovered that the friends of the wounded monkey were absolutely unrilling the roof in their endeavors to get at him, when they would doubtless have torn him to pieces. His cries fortunately brought opportune assistance from the village. I believe that it was at Saltgar also, that General T———d, then paymaster of his regiment, was seated in front of his tent, counting sundry bags of money, when a monkey, more audacious than his comrades, seized upon a bag of gold mohurs, and rapidly retreating with it, skimmed up a tall tamarind tree that overshadowed a very deep tank, and there chuckling over his work the while, deliberately dropped piece by piece into the water below.

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.—They have a very curious regulation of the internal police of the school at Muhlinen, in Switzerland, intended to keep the children from playing truant, which they accomplish effectually by working, not upon the child's fear of the rod, or love of his studies, but upon the parent's love of his money. That is to say, if the children are absent, and as often as they are absent, a cross is put against the parent's name, and he is made accountable, and is fined, if he does not give satisfactory reasons for the child's absence. Of course, all the whippings for playing truant are administered by the parent; and, therefore, it being very sure, if there is a fine for the parent to pay, that the amount of it will be fully endorsed upon the child with a birch rod, the pupils take good care to keep punctually at school. No delinquent can escape, for no false excuse can be manufactured. It is a system which might, perhaps, be very useful in other arts besides that of school-keeping.

☞ A PHILOSOPHER.—Grant Thorburn has completed his eighty-ninth year, and says he is not tired of the world, but would "live the world over again," with all its joys and sorrows. A happy old man.

THE LADY OF MY RHYME.

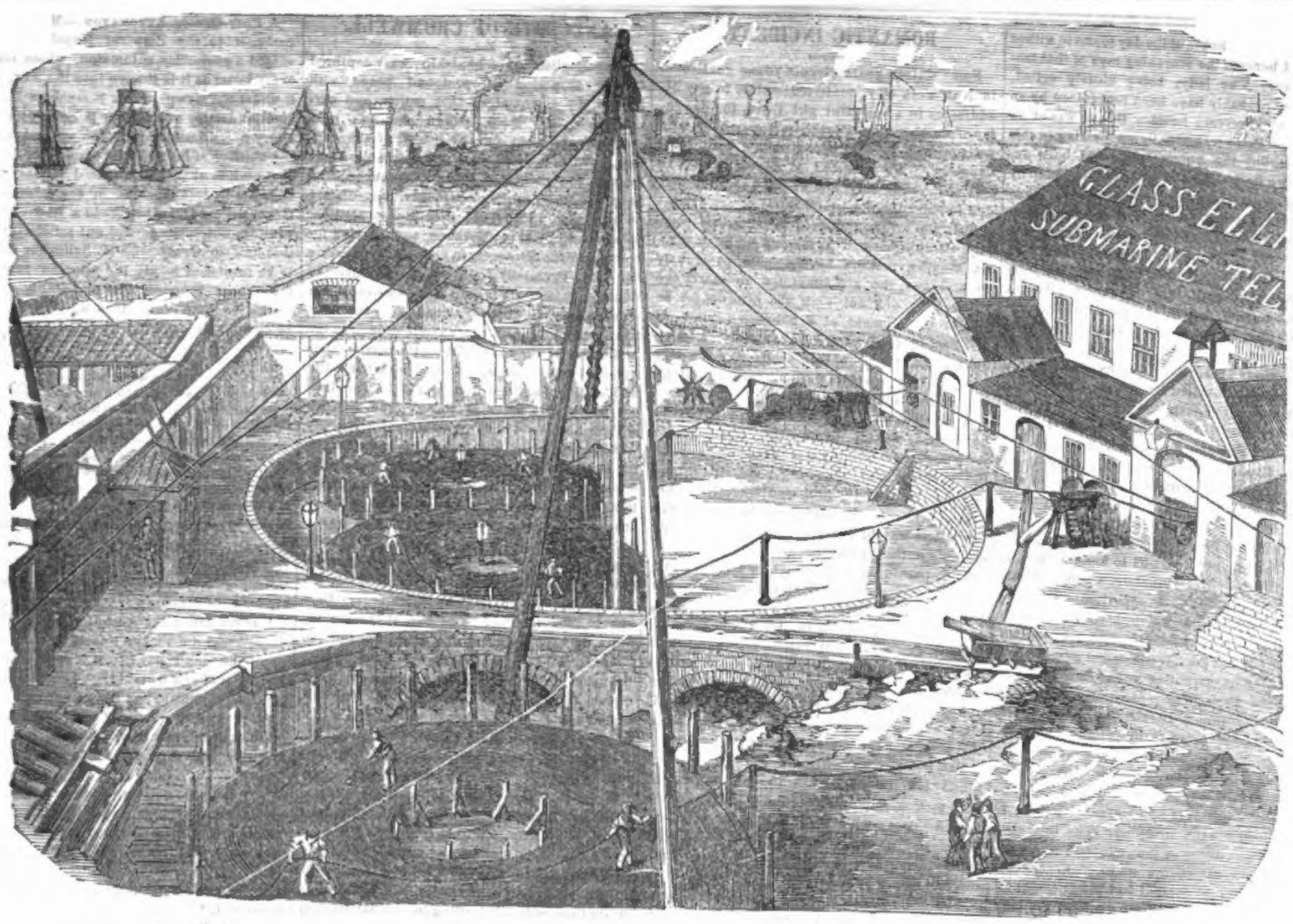
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

No rose beside the door
Of the green-wood, ever wore
Brighter dress,
Than the lady of my rhyme—
Than the lady of my heart,
In the speechless tenderness
Of the time, become a part
Of all time.

The moon was growing old,
And the Day had dragged her gold
Down the skies,
But naught was I dismayed,—
In the temples of her hair
There was light, and light to spare,
And the morning always stayed
In her eyes.

So night was like a day
In the middle of the May,
And it seemed,
That the stars which used to be
So cold, and far above,
All were coming down for love—
Coming softly down to me,—
But I dreamed.

Last year the ivy led
Its tendrils o'er her head;
And she lies
Among the mourning streams,
And beneath the very tree
Where our meetings used to be,
With the light of all my dreams
In her eyes.



THE ATLANTIC CABLE, READY FOR SHIPMENT, MORDEN WHARF, EAST GREENWICH, ENGLAND.

HOW ABDALLAH BECAME AN ASTROLOGER.

A PERSIAN TALE.

Abdallah was a prosperous barber of Shiraz. He married a woman of surpassing beauty, but excessively vain, so that his whole substance was consumed in providing her with dresses, trinkets, and the luxuries of a miniature harem. Above all other women, the wife of Hassan, the king's astrologer, was envied by the wife of Abdallah, the unostentatious barber; for this lady affected great grandeur, and could afford it, on account of the large salary and handsome presents bestowed upon her husband.

One day the discontented beauty announced to Abdallah that she would no longer continue to live with him unless he gave up the miserable business of barber, and adopted that of astrology. In vain did he represent to her that trimming beards was his habit, while of astrological predictions he knew nothing; she insisted, and the unfortunate man, infatuated by affection, resolved to obey. So, observing the eccentric practices of the astrologers, he took a brass basin and a pestle of steel into the bazaar, and smiting his basin, cried aloud that he would calculate nativities, predict the events of the future, detect thieves, and recover lost property. His neighbors were astonished, and one and all said, "Abdallah, the barber, is certainly mad!" But it chanced that a certain lady, returning from the bath, walked through the bazaar with her veil torn; she appeared in great distress, and upon hearing the cry of Abdallah, sent one of her slaves to him with this message: "If you are an impostor, my husband shall cause you to be bastinadoed; if you are really an astrologer, inform me where I shall find a necklace of pearls which I have lost this day." Poor Abdallah, bewildered, gazed upon the lady, and in gaining time to invent an answer, said: "She can tell the pearls, when they are near, for the veil is torn!"—These words were reported to her by the slave, and she uttered a cry of joy. "Admirable prophet!" she exclaimed; "I placed my pearls for safety in a rent that is in the veil of the bath!" and she ordered Abdallah to be presented with forty gold pieces. Now, it should be known that in the Persian baths there are screens, the name of which is the same as the native word for "veil." So Abdallah, by a lucky accident of speech, had not only saved himself from the bastinado, but had gained forty pieces of gold.

At length, another lady, the wife of the king's treasurer, made her appearance, and just at that moment a messenger from the treasurer came up to Abdallah, in the bazaar, and spoke to him. The lady stood close by, and listened. "Abdallah," said the slave, "my master has lost the king's great ruby; if thou hast the wisdom of the stars, thou canst find it; if not, thou art a pretender, and I will assuredly cause thee to be bastinadoed." This time the unfortunate barber was at his wit's end. "Oh, woman!" he exclaimed, "thou art the author of this!" He meant his own wife; but the wife of the treasurer, who stood by, imagined he referred to her. Guilt is always pale, the poet says.—She herself had stolen the king's ruby, and believed that the astrologer was aware of her crime. So, when the messenger had departed, leaving the barber petrified with perplexity, she approached him, and said, in a soft tone, "Oh, astrologer, I confess that, in an hour of avarice, I took the jewel. Restore it, without sending me to condemnation!" Abdallah sternly replied—"Woman, I know thy guilt! Where is the jewel?" She answered—"Under the fourth cushion from the door, in the apartment of Kasbeun, my lord's Georgian slave." Abdallah hastened to the palace, was rewarded with a robe of honor, a thousand gold pieces, and a costly ornament.

Urged by his wife, Abdallah essayed once more. The king's treasury had been broken open, and forty chests of money had been carried away. Not a trace of the thieves had been discovered. The royal astrologer had tried every sort of divination, and failed, and was therefore in disgrace. But the fame of Abdallah, which was now spoken of in all Shiraz, had reached the ear of the king, who sent for him, and gave him audience in the Hall of Kalmet Serpouchideh. "Abdallah," he said, with a severe expression in his face, "art thou truly able to read the stars?" "Put me to the proof," answered the barber, who was now prepared for the worst. "Then discover the forty chests of money which have been stolen, as well as the criminals. Succeed, and then shalt marry a princess, and become my minister; fail, and I will hang thee!" "There must have been forty thieves," said Abdallah, making a fortunate and not very difficult guess. "Grant me forty days." "Forty days thou shalt have," said the king; "and thou shalt then die, or live for riches and honor."

So the barber went home and told his wife, and said—"I have forty days to live; I will sit on my prayer mat, and meditate on the evils of life and the blessedness of death. Give me, I beg, then, forty beans. At the hour of evening prayer, daily, I will give thee one, that, by counting the remainder, I may remember how many days I have to live." She complied, and, every day, at the exact hour of sunset, Abdallah gave her a bean, and said, with great firmness and solemnity,—"There is one of them." And, on the last day, he said, in an excited manner,—"There are the whole forty of them!" What was his astonishment when, at that instant, a violent knocking was heard at the door! A crowd of men were admitted, and one of them, evidently the chief, said,—"Oh, Abdallah, wise astrologer, thou shalt receive the forty chests of gold untouched, but spare our lives!" In supreme bewilderment, he answered,—"This night I should have seized thee and thy wretched companions; but tell me, on thy head, how knewest thou that I possessed this knowledge?" "We heard," said the chief of the robbers, "that the king had sent for thee! Therefore one of us came at the hour of sunset, to listen at thy door, and heard thee say, 'There is one of them.' We would not believe his story, and sent two to ascertain it, and thou was heard to say, 'There are two of them;' and this night, oh, wonderful! thou didst exclaim, 'There are the whole forty!' but restore the king's money, and do not deliver us unto the executioner."

Abdallah promised to do what he could. Being admitted to the palace, he declared that, owing to some mystery of the stars, it was given him to discover either the thieves or the treasure, but not both. The monarch at length consented to take the forty chests, and fulfilled his promise to Abdallah.

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I know,
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first, not second best;
Who weeps may sing if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties poured,
When they sit down to dine;
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lend no creature wrong;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these twain, the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long—
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

THINGS IN SIAM.—Animals of a white color are invested with peculiar sanctity. If a talapoin or bonze meets a white cock he salutes him—an honor he will not pay to a prince. The white monkey also is held in special reverence, though yielding precedence to the elephant.—"The monkey is a man," say the Siamese; "not very handsome, to be sure, but not less a brother." He was once commissioned as generalissimo to fight an army of giants. With one kick he split a mountain in two, and is reported to have finished the war with honors.—He does not speak lest he be forced to work gratuitously. Extravagant honors are paid to the white elephant. He is supposed to be the incarnation of some future Buddha. He takes rank immediately after princes of the blood, and a tuft of his hairs was one of the choicest presents made to her Majesty the Queen.

When the King of Siam sent three elephants to Louis XIV.,—animals, let it be said, treated in Siam as reasonable beings—he whispered in their ears: "Go; depart cheerfully. You will, indeed, be slaves: but slaves to the greatest monarch in the world, whose sway is as gentle as it is glorious."—*Sir John Bowring.*

☞ Languages are not formed in a day.—They are alluvial strata, the slow product of time; towering pyramids, to which day by day contributes its stone.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Novelties for the spring season are now occupying much of the attention of our *modistes*. Several bonnets of silk and crape have already been made, and are intended to hold an intermediary place between the velvet bonnets of winter and those composed of the very light materials suitable for summer. The models for spring bonnets which have as yet been received from Paris include one formed of puffings of violet color silk, trimmed on the outside with bouquets and drooping sprays of violets. The inside is trimmed with a small wreath or cordon of the same flowers. Violets, we may venture to predict, will be very generally employed as a trimming for bonnets during the spring. Some bonnets of open fancy straw, just arrived from Paris, are profusely trimmed with violets.

The Iris is, at present, a very favorite flower, both for wreaths and for trimming ball dresses. Dresses of tulle and lace have been made with flounces gathered up in festoons, fastened by sprays of iris combined with foliage in diamonds. Scarcely less beautiful are the wreaths, bouquets, and sprays of sweet peas made in velvet. The rich and various hues of this flower contrast well with the white tulle, blonde, and other light textures usually selected for ball dresses. Some very pretty wreaths of small roses, and wreaths composed of lilac of three kinds, viz., white, violet, and lilac intermingled, are destined to edge double and tripp'e skirts of tulle, &c., or to descend from the waist to the edge of the skirt, and combine with trimmings placed on each side of the dress. One of the prettiest of the new ball dresses recently made is composed of white tulle, and has three flounces trimmed with bullionnes, in which are fixed at intervals sprays of forget-me not. The contrast formed by this little blue flower on the tulle is very pretty, and, moreover, it somewhat presents the effect of torquoise. The corsage and sleeves of the dress just mentioned are trimmed with bouquets and sprays of forget-me-not.

For children's balls, dresses composed of gauze and tulle have been trimmed with flowers or with bows of ribbon. Others consist of silk, and have flounces edged with narrow ribbon and blonde. Dresses of worked muslin have also been adopted at these juvenile fetes, and they are trimmed with rows of Valenciennes insertion, under which are runnings of colored ribbon.

Two greatly-admired evening dresses have just been completed for a lady of rank. One consists of white crape lisse, and is trimmed with five flounces. The flounces are edged with a broad band of green satin ribbon, and covered with flounces of splendid Alencon lace. A berthe and frills for the sleeves are composed of the same beautiful lace. The other dress is of pink tulle, and has two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three bouillonnes flounces, and the upper one looped up with sprays of white acacia. Small sprays of white acacia and foliage are intermingled with the bouillonnes on the flounces.

A complete *parure* of pink cameos has been made by a Parisian jeweller. It comprises a number of cameos for fastening up the flounces or the upper skirt of the dress, as well as for ornamenting the corsage. A cordon, or series of cameos, surrounding the head, forms the *coiffure*. It is fixed at the lower part of the head behind, where it is finished by a tuft of feathers twisted spirally.

A novelty in jewelry may here be mentioned. It consists of a bracelet formed of hair, studded with allegorical devices in enamel and gold, and hieroglyphics in brilliants and rubies.—*London Lady's Paper of March 14.*

WRONGHEADEDNESS.—The Spanish caricaturists, to give an idea of the obstinacy of the Biscayans, represent a man knocking a nail into a wall by butting at it with his forehead; but when they want to express the extent to which perverseness is carried by the Arragonese, they sketch a person in the same attitude, but with the head of the nail against the wall, and the point turned to the performer's forehead.

☞ A number of physicians were once disputing as to what would best sharpen the sight. Some recommended one thing, and some another; till, at last, one said that there was nothing that would do it like *easy*, for it magnifies and multiplies all the errors of man.

ANNABEL GRAY.

BY G******.

Last night I dreamed of you, Annabel Gray,
When the silver moon slept in a cloudless sky,
When the world rolled on to the gates of the day,
And the stillness followed it stealthily.
Then a vision of beauty hallowed my dreams,
And a sound of music sang soft in my ears,
I walked by the side of heavenly streams,
In the land outside of the days and the years.

And not alone, for each star that shone
In mystical majesty ages away,
Looked tenderly down from a magical throne,
On the beautiful angel, Annabel Gray.
An angel of love you wandered with me,
As perchance we two may wander no more,
And I dared—so daring in slumber, you see—
To kiss the lips I had kissed not before.

Only in dreams! ah, Annabel Gray!
Only in dreams may I kiss those dear lips?
In the dreams alone which are fading away
In the sullen light of the day's eclipse.
Oh, tell me, tell me, Annabel Gray,
Tell me only my dream told the truth,
And the glory of hope shall illumine the day,
And my sad love arise in the ardor of youth.

As it is—that kiss has a wonderful power
To charm the changes of every place,
As alone in the sky an ascending star
Trulleth a glory through infinite space.
For the dream light shineth out of my sleep,
And brightens the dullness of daily things,
As into the darkness the splendors leap
From the opened doors of a palace of kings.

And now of Annabel Grays there are two—
Alike in person, in feature and face;
And neither of them would I have to be you,
Though both are perfect in maidenly grace—
For one, though kind, is only a dream,
And fadeth away in the glimmer of morn;
And the other, though real as real may seem,
Chilleth my love with her infinite scorn.

But well I know what it is I desire,
For I only may enter the Eden of Love,
When the earthly flame and the heavenly fire
From the self-same altar ascend above.
When the maiden who kissed me in my sleep
Shall kiss me again when I am awake;
When the two are one, as rivers which keep
A discord, flow on in a single lake.

They say you will visit our country scenes,
In your native home you will dwell anew—
And my heart talks fast—and I know what it means,
If it prophesies right when it prateth of you!
I will follow this hope as my guiding star,
And oh, joy, if it only guideth to you!
Then hurry all days and all nights from afar,
That I may know if my dream telleth true!

HOW THE MEANING OF WORDS CHANGE.—In Shakspeare's time the word *miscreant* meant simply an unbeliever; Talbot, calling Joan of Arc a miscreant, intimated only that she had fallen from the faith. *Influence*, among the earlier English poets, meant only that power over mortals which planets were supposed to exercise. *Nephew*, as used by Hooker, Shakspeare, and others of the Elizabethan era, denoted grand children and other lineal descendants. *Kindly fruits*, as used in the Litany, also simply denote the natural fruits, or those which the earth, according to his kind, should bring forth. The word *girl* was, at one time, applied indiscriminately to young persons of either sex. Until the reign of Charles the First, the word *acre* meant any field, of whatever size. *Furlong* denoted the length of a furrow, or of a furrow long. Also, the word *yard*, *peck*, and *gallon*, were once of a vague, unsettled use, and only at a later date, and in obedience to the later requirements of commerce and social life, were they used to denote exact measure. The term *meat*, now applicable to flesh only, was once applied to all food. *Baffled* (defeated) was applied, in the days of chivalry, to a recreant knight, who was, either in person or effigy, hung up by the heels, his escutcheon blotted, his spear broken, and himself or his effigy subjected to all sorts of indignities.

FASHIONS OF HAIR.—The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which color best becomes it.—We account red hair as by no means the most preferable; but in the time of Elizabeth it found ardent admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, were red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

☞ The gentleman who attempted to cut his throat with a sharp joke, a few days since, has again made a rash attack upon his "victualling department," by stabbing himself with a point of honor.

THE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

The several extensions of the Electric Telegraph present rare combinations of science and the arts, which are fraught with interest. Of the submarine cable which is to connect the Old and New Worlds the public has already heard much; but comparatively few persons are aware that it differs in structure, weight, and other conditions from most of the ropes hitherto laid, and embraces several valuable improvements suggested by successes or failures with previous lines.

The cable from Dover to Calais, that of the Magnetic Telegraph Company, between England and Ireland, and others less generally known, being laid for the greater part of their length in comparatively shallow water, where the consideration of danger from anchors is a very grave point to be met, weigh seven or eight tons to the mile, and are of strength sufficient to resist almost any strain to which they are liable, except, perhaps, so enormous and exceptional a force as that to which the Ostend rope was subjected in the recent storms, when a large ship held on to the cable for a long time, but finally broke it asunder by the tremendous power of the gale. The injury was repaired on the renewal of fair weather, and the rarity of any interruption happening to lines of such calibre (this being the only instance of accident occurring to any of the stronger kinds of rope, while those of a lighter character, laid in similar depths to the Hague and elsewhere, have been frequently repaired, and require a large annual outlay for their maintenance,) may be accepted as evidence of the sound judgment exercised in the selection of a heavy class of rope to span frequented and shallow seas.

Near the shores of Newfoundland and Ireland, and until the depth is so increased as to be far beyond any risk of danger from anchorage or the grounding of icebergs, the Atlantic cable will be stronger even than the most massive rope yet laid; but in the chief portion of the route, where the great depth bears with its disadvantages and difficulties the advantage of perfect rest and security for the wire when laid, the weight will not exceed a ton per mile.

In diminishing the weight to this extent, which in the water, by reason of the difference in specific gravity, will be about thirteen to fourteen hundred weight per mile, care has been taken to retain as much strength as possible, and with this view the core or conductor is protected by strands instead of by solid wires, and by this method the pliability of the rope is also much increased.

The Atlantic cable may be divided into two parts, the core and the armor—the former being the conductor to be actually employed in the transmission of electrical sensations under the ocean between Europe and America, the latter only a protecting and strengthening assistant whereby to deposit the insulated wire at the bottom of the sea. The core is composed of seven copper wires, of the gauge known as No. 22, wound spirally together so as to form a strand or cord; the object of this arrangement, instead of a single wire of the same sectional area, being to provide against the possibility of any break of continuity taking place in the metal. This strand, which will stretch twenty per cent. of its length, is covered with three layers of the purest gutta percha, separately applied, in the manner usual with telegraph wire. The core thus formed by the treble covering of gutta percha over the copper strand is three-eighths of an inch in diameter, being unusually large for one conducting wire, but the advantage thereby gained in the integrity of insulation is of the highest importance.

The core of this gigantic cable (2,500 miles in length) is now in the course of manufacture under the superintendence of Mr. Samuel Statham, at the extensive works of the Gutta Percha Company, Wharf road, City-road, London. The outer protection of iron wire has been committed to two eminent firms—viz., Messrs. Newall & Co., of Gateshead; and Messrs. Glass, Elliott & Co., of East Greenwich—each firm having undertaken to complete 1,250 miles within a specified period. The accompanying view illustrates the process, at the Works at East Greenwich.

The core is conveyed to East Greenwich upon large reels, each containing rather more than a mile of wire, and there placed on standards in a lower floor of the factory, the reels being so arranged as to allow of the wire being regularly drawn off. Thence it passes into an upper floor, where are the machines for serving it with a thick covering of hemp, well saturated with a mixture of tar and pitch; this lapping of yarn answers as a bed for the reception of the external iron wires, and protects the gutta percha from any injury during the next process.

The outer wires, or armor, are laid into strands, each composed of seven of the best charcoal iron wires (No. 22 gauge). These strands are made by a machine embodying some novelty in its construction—the bobbins of wire, which are the chief weight, and which have hitherto been moved around a centre, being stationary, while a frame rotating with great rapidity bears the wires from the bobbins and forms the strand. The bobbins, seven in number, are supported in the centre of the revolving frame upon independent centres, the wires being passed over small pulleys to a perforated iron girdle-plate at the end of the machine, through which they pass, and, meeting on the other side, are laid together in a compact and regular strand. The enormous speed at which these machines are worked is a striking contrast to the old method of strand-spinning, where, the most weighty part being carried, the rate of motion and the quantity of cord manufactured are limited.

Some idea of the rapidity with which it is necessary that the strands must be made in this instance may be gathered from the fact that the contracts for the manufacture of the cable were only finally entered into at the close of last year; and that 126 miles of iron wire are employed in the formation of each mile of the cable; no less than 315,000 miles having to be drawn and spun into 45,000 miles of strand by the early part of the ensuing summer.

The core, being served with tarred yarn, passes from the drum into the final process of covering with the wire strands by the closing machines. These are so constructed that the laying-plates extend some distance above the upper floor line. The bobbins, eighteen in number, containing the strands, are placed upon a horizontal frame nearly level with the ground floor line; and, as the machine is caused to revolve by means of steam-power, the strands are unwound from their reels, and pass over the exterior of a conical hollow cap, through the centre of which the core is drawn; and the strands being thus regularly laid in a spiral direction, the manufacture of the cable is completed. A draw-off motion acts in concert with the machine, and carries away the cable as it is covered with the strands. After passing through a tank containing tar and pitch in certain proportions, and maintained at an even temperature, it is laid in large coils ready for delivery on shipboard.

The greatest care is exercised in testing the insulation and efficient conduction of the wire with very delicate galvanometers and a powerful battery series of more than five hundred cells. In a separate room is arranged a series of electro-magnetic bells, connecting with the testing apparatus and in circuit with the wire in the machine, as well as the completed cable outside, so that any defect or want of continuity in the rope is immediately made known.

The construction of the cable, and the arrangements for laying it, are under the control of Mr. Bright, the engineer to the Atlantic Telegraph Company; its electrical condition and the apparatus for working through it being in the charge of Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician.

From the extensive plants of the Gutta Percha Company, and the energetic efforts which have been put forth, there is every probability of their portion of this great work, viz, the entire length of 2,500 miles, being completed early in May next.

Messrs. Glass & Co.'s works, at East Greenwich, were erected in 1854, for the express purpose of manufacturing submarine telegraph cables. They have the advantage of a river frontage of 200 feet, with great facilities for coiling the cables directly on board vessels lying within a distance easily connected by a floating platform. The depth of the wharf, from the river front to the manufactory, is 400 feet, and in this area are sunk tanks capable of containing from 2,000 to 3,000 miles of cable, with ready means of admitting water, from the river, to submerge the cable, from time to time, during the progress of manufacture, to prove the perfect insulation, if necessary. The machinery is of the most approved description, and will be capable, with the additions now nearly completed, of producing, if necessary, 120 miles of cable per week. At present, from fifty to sixty miles per week of the Atlantic cable are manufactured, and 200 miles completed.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST.—The Spanish Conquest, both of Peru and Mexico, was one of those fatal blows to the conquered, of which the shock runs through national and social life, smiting the spinal cord of a people, and leaving them in a death-like paralysis. The men in a nation so subdued, are as helpless and bewildered as animals would be who had lost their instinct. All that the nation has accomplished in art, through science, or in architecture, is submissively ceded to the elements; and no man lifts his hand to protect or restore any work of his own or of his forefathers, which he had formerly delighted in. It is not an earthquake which has shaken these miserable men, but a new formation of their world that has overwhelmed them. All the old civilization—the record often of so much toil and blood and sorrow—is crushed forever into a confused heap of rude materials, the simplest meaning of which it will hereafter require great study to decipher; and the nation, if it survives in name, is but a relic, a warning, and a sign,—like some burnt-out star, drifting along, hideous and purposeless, amidst the full and shining orbs, which still remain to adorn and vivify the universe.

When thinking of the different life the people led before and after the Conquest, it seems as if the fate of the whole race might be compared to that of some beautiful and graceful maidens, who, on some fatal festal day, had playfully ranged themselves in exquisite order, to support on their heads, as living caryatides, a slight weight of fruit and flowers, which had all of a sudden hardened into marble, and crushed them under it. Far otherwise was it with the negroes. They flourished in the new land. It was at first thought that they were nearly immortal, as for some time no one had seen a negro die, except by hanging; and it was noticed that negroes and oranges seemed to have found their natural soil in the island of Hispanolla.—*Arthur Helps.*

ORIENTAL USAGES, MARRIAGES, HAREMS, EXECUTION OF AN EASTERN NOBLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAVENPORT STORIES," AND OTHER TALES.

From all that we could learn by frequent familiar intercourse with his Majesty of Siam himself, and with all the principal nobility of the realm, during a residence of several years at the capital, I am convinced that the government of the king over his large family, (with occasional rare exceptions) was truly paternal in character. He was generally beloved, and I frequently heard him lauded for his kind-heartedness, gentleness, and cheerfulness, especially by the ladies of his household. Whatever *custom* did not forbid, was willingly accorded them, but when royal etiquette was in danger of violation, then none could be more stringent in his demands, or more ready to punish the slightest violation of national usage. A sad illustration of this was exhibited in the following touching incident—an incident affording painful evidence of the low regard in which human life is held, and showing how sadly often in countries where Christianity exerts no restraining influence, passion usurps the place of principle, and the poor and unfriended become the victims of the follies of the rich and noble. It was the only public execution that occurred at the capital during the space of ten years, and then the lives of ten persons were ruthlessly sacrificed as the penalty for a few complimentary words, addressed by a thoughtless young courtier to one of the ladies of the royal harem, to whom, previous to her becoming a queen consort, he had been tenderly attached. This young couple had been betrothed by mutual consent of the parents of both parties, but the latter had no idea that the lovers had ever met or spoken together. Such, however, was the fact—many stolen interviews had been indulged in, the young couple had become deeply enamored of each other, and longed for the arrival of the period that had been fixed for the consummation of their nuptial vows. But alas! for their fond hopes—only a few days before the wedding was to take place, one of the officers of the royal harem, who had heard of the reputed beauty and attractions of this young lady, called on her parents and desired to see their daughter, holding out as inducement the probability that she would thus be elevated to the position of a lady of the royal harem. The ambitious parents readily caught at the bait so temptingly held out in the prospect of even higher promotion for their beautiful child than her recent betrothal had warranted them to expect, and still more elated in view of the heavy purse of the king's gold, of which the officer had spoken as their own share of the booty.—Of the personal attachment that had sprung up between their daughter and her suitor, they were entirely ignorant, and therefore never dreamed that any violence would be done to their wishes. Having themselves arranged the former suit, they felt equally at liberty to substitute another in its place, and had no reason to believe that one would prove more distasteful to their daughter than the other. True, her first suitor was a young man, very handsome in person, *distingue* in air, and in manners agreeable—whilst the other was a stout old gentleman of sixty, having already upwards of five hundred wives, and for whom she could hardly be expected to form an attachment, even with affections wholly disengaged. But then, as an abundant offset to this, the latter was no less a personage than "His Serene Majesty, the Mighty King of Siam," and the former only a nephew of the Prime Minister. Surely, thought the parents, even a *girl* will have the good sense to prefer a king to a simple courtier!—But alas! for the happiness of her future life, the young lady thought differently, though fear of the lasting displeasure of her parents prevented her from divulging to them the secret of her stolen interviews with her lover, and their consequent attachment.

Of her recent betrothal to the young noble, the officer (I must do him the justice to say) knew nothing, and even if he had been made acquainted with that fact, he would still have supposed that the parties were wholly unacquainted, and of course felt no sort of interest in each other; Siamese etiquette strictly forbidding a lady of rank to see or speak to her husband till after the conclusion of the marriage ceremonies. The king was also ignorant even of the fact that she had been promised by her parents as the wife of another, and made no inquiries concerning her previous life. She being but twelve years old, and having been reared in the strict seclusion of a lady of rank, he had no reason to suppose that she had ever seen a man in her life, except her own father and the officer who presented her, still less that any passion had been aroused in her gentle bosom. Had he been cognizant of the real state of affairs, he might *perhaps* have had sufficient magnanimity to induce him to waive his personal rights for the gratification of a young noble to whom he was warmly attached.

So soon as the requisite preparations were completed, without allowing the anguished lovers the luxury of a parting interview, this sweet young girl, in all her maiden freshness and purity, was ruthlessly torn by her ambitious parents from her handsome young affianced, and handed over to the officer, to be presented to "His Serene Majesty," the stout old gentleman before mentioned.

For several years after this cruel sacrifice of their happiness, the young couple neither saw nor heard from each other, and we are left only to imagine the blighting of young affections, the soul-sickening weariness that preyed upon those youthful spirits, the heart-aches, and doubts and fears that marked many a lonely hour, and the pensive melancholy that gnawed and preyed continually upon souls yearning for love—the morbid sensitiveness of spirits worn and wasted by hopeless separation from the beloved, and craving ceaselessly, above every other boon, the affection of each other. These, and much more that "can ne'er be told," are but the harrowing details that doubtless marked those years of lonely sadness, terminated at last by a fate still more fearfully tragic.

It happened one day, some three years after the marriage of the young lady to "His Serene Majesty" of Siam, that her former betrothed, on retiring from the audience hall, attended by four of his servants, met this lady returning with her maidens from the conservatories on the river bank, whither she had resorted at evening to inhale the salubrious sea-breeze that in those latitudes always sets in about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, revivifying, by its soft touch, exhausted animal nature, which during the earlier hours of the day seems to wither and faint beneath the scorching rays of that tropical sun. The lady, being closely veiled, would not probably have been recognized by an indifferent observer; besides this, it was at an hour when there was usually no passing in this direction, but the young noble had been detained two hours beyond the regular time, by the king, with whom he was conversing. Thus everything seemed to conspire against them, and hasten on their coming doom. The young courtier was so completely thrown off his guard by the beautiful apparition that thus unexpectedly crossed his path, that he forgot the danger he was incurring, and thinking only of the present pleasure, he deferentially saluted the lady of his heart, and stood gazing wistfully into those glorious eyes, whose depths of tenderness had once been unveiled for him alone. Fearing to trust herself to speak, the lady hastily returned his courteous salutation, and would have passed on. But the young lord besought her to tarry, if only for a moment, that they whom fate had so cruelly sundered, might have the mournful pleasure of giving each other a last adieu. To this she imprudently consented, retaining with her four of her attendants, and directing the others to pass on to her apartments, in the harem. Unfortunately, a petty officer, who was longing for some opportunity of rising from the obscurity to which his insignificance had hitherto consigned him, was a concealed witness of the stolen interview, and perfidiously betrayed the unsuspecting young couple to the king, at the same time representing the slight followers who were in attendance on their lord and lady, as accessory to the crime, and thus involving them also in the untimely fate of their superiors. Neither the king nor any one else believed that the interview had been preconcerted, that any words of love were spoken, or any criminality even intended. The interview had lasted but three or four minutes, it had taken place on one of the walks of the palace grounds, and eight persons had been present all the time, who testified on oath that the lady and gentleman had not even touched each other's *hands*, still less been guilty of improper familiarities. But the king's honor had been compromised, and the laws of the harem broken, by a subject's daring *to look upon* the features of a queen consort; and for so unheard-of a crime, not only the perpetrators themselves, but also their innocent servants, who had been but passive spectators of the scene, and that not of their own free will, were unhesitatingly consigned to death.

The king, of whom the young lord was an acknowledged favorite, expressed great regret that a young noble, and especially one so amiable and accomplished, should have so recklessly hazarded his life, but added coolly, "there is no help for it—fate has so decreed, and he must die."

The other nine, including even the lady herself, were deemed too insignificant to be spoken of by "his Serene, infallible Majesty." And so in the very flower of their youth they all perished by the sword of the executioner, the young courtier scarcely twenty years of age, and most of the others still younger.

The unfortunate young lord met his fate calmly, and apparently without regret, saying, that life had no longer any charms for him, and that he felt amply repaid for its loss by the few, brief moments of bliss spent in the society of one he so tenderly loved. "There is at least one consolation left us," said he, "we may *die together rather than live apart*"—adding carelessly, "perhaps in some future state, the fates may bestow on us a more favored destiny." He was conveyed to the place of execution in his own state barge, rowed by his own servants, and was dressed with the utmost care in the highest style of oriental magnificence. In the boat he reclined upon his cushions of embroidered velvet, with the same air of aristocratic languor, the same perfect self possession and easy grace that distinguished his bearing on other occasions. He called for tea several times during the passage, remarked on the pleasantness of the morning, and conversed occasionally with his favorite attendants on indifferent subjects.

There was no appearance of cowardly agitation or vulgar alarm visible in his countenance or manner, but the most perfect *retenue* of air, a calm placidity in every movement—and except in one instance not the slightest allusion was made to the end of his journey. The place of execution was about three miles from his own palace, and the trip occupied nearly an hour. The king's officers sat in another boat just in the rear of that belonging to the young noble, keeping a strict eye on every movement, but exerting no sort of restraint or control over his actions. At his own request, his boat stopped on the passage down the river, at the store of the principal British merchant, an old and attached friend of the unfortunate noble. Entering leisurely, he called for a box of cigars of the best quality and paid for it. Then directing the box to be opened, he carefully selected a couple for himself, lit one, and placed the other behind his ear *a-la-Siamese*, and then after throwing one to each of his personal attendants, he told the merchant he might dispose of the remainder as he pleased, as *he* should have no farther use for them, "not expecting to be able to smoke with his head off!" Alas! for such reckless indifference on an occasion so solemn—such heedless sporting on the very verge of eternity, with its dread disclosures, its untried retributions—and that blind belief in *fate* that wholly prevented any attempt at preparation. How must the heart of the Christian and philanthropist ache at such a review, and how deeply deplore ignorance so gross, infatuation so madly blind.

CURIOUS CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—A celebrated liquor importer in Boston recently had his pocket-book, containing a large sum of money, taken from his pocket while entering church. A few days subsequent he received the pocket-book through the post (postage unpaid), accompanied with a note, in which the writer stated that after spending the money, he discovered to his utter horror that he had been making use of funds obtained in the "infamous liquor traffic." He therefore returned the pocket book, and would do the same by the money, should he be able to again lay hands on it.

☞ Boy with ragged trowsers and rimless hat, runs into Dr. Fuller's drug store with a dipper in his hand. "Doctor, mother sent me down to the shoticary pop quicker'n blazes, 'cos bub's sick with the pickin chox, and she wants a thimble full of polly gollic in this din tipper, cos we hadn't bot a gottle, and the kint pup's got the bine witters in't. Got any?"

☞ In Paraguay nearly every woman chews tobacco.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

Some sixteen years since a young gentleman in New York city, contrived awhile to pay his addresses to a beautiful girl there, the daughter of an obstinate Pearl Street merchant, who was opposed to the young man's visiting his daughter. He persisted in his endeavors to win the young lady, and at last he was forbidden to enter the old man's house.

Still, the lovers contrived to meet, occasionally, afterwards—and at the expiration of some six months, matters having been previously so arranged, the girl consented to marry the youth. He did not seek the fortune, for he was in employment, at a handsome salary, as principal book-keeper in an extensive jobbing house, and his pecuniary prospects were very fair. But the parents were obdurate, and he was driven from the house.

At the end of a twelvemonth they agreed to be married, and all the requisite arrangements were made, the evening was fixed upon, even the chaplain had been engaged—but on the morning of the day proposed secretly for the nuptials, the whole plan was discovered, and the match was broken off peremptorily by the absolute authority of the parents.

Time passed on; the daughter was sent to a distant part of the country for awhile—the young man was disappointed and disheartened, and left New York for the West, where he remained two years. Meantime a person to suit the tastes of the parents turned up—a man of considerable means, but old enough to be the young girl's father; and a match was arranged, after a long persuasion, between Emma and this man, and she wedded him at last.

Three years subsequently the young man found himself in New England, where he settled and took a wife also, and some dozen years passed away, with their thousand and one changes of place, of circumstance and of fortune. From the time of their separation the original lovers had never met.

The young man became the father of three little ones; and then lost two of these; which bereavement was soon after followed by the death of his wife. Time flew by—he had been fortunate in his business, and resided a few miles out of Boston, in a cottage surrounded by the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of the society of his dear little daughter.

One day he was returning home in the afternoon, and upon entering the cars found them to be full. He sought a seat, and found one occupied by a lady about thirty years of age, beside whom he sat down, and the cars soon moved out of the depot. As they entered into the light he suddenly turned to the lady, and exclaimed, "Madam! Emma! Is this you?"

He didn't know exactly what he said, but it was a fact that he was on the seat with the girl whom he had really loved, and whom he had never seen since the cruel separation.

A mutual explanation quickly succeeded. Our widowed friend ascertained that his former intended was now on her way to the North, upon a visit. That she had been married nearly eleven years, had but one child living, and her husband had been dead over two years.

He pointed out his pretty cottage, as the cars passed on—but did not leave the train. He proceeded forward, renewed his acquaintance, found the lady her own mistress, proposed to her again—and we record the fact with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that within three weeks the lovers were actually united in marriage in the city of Boston.

IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

The answers of a few ladies to the above question.—Mrs. Brown, (*of Bloomsbury Square.*) "Most decidedly! Doesn't it injure the curtains?"—Mrs. Jones, (*Sea-Shell Cottage, Brighton.*) "There can't be a question about it, and I am only surprised how persons can be so foolish as to put one! Doesn't it stick in the gentlemen's hair? and get embedded in their whiskers? and hang about their clothes for hours and hours, and sometimes days afterwards? So much so, that any one can tell, a mile off, whether the nasty things have been smoking or not. I'm sure it is downright terrible to be shut up in a railway carriage with a party of confirmed smokers—for, though they may not be smoking at the time, still the unpleasant smell of their garments is such as to make one regret that Lord Palmerston will not bring in an Act of Parliament to make every filthy smoker consume his own smoke."—Mrs. Robinson, (1002 *Old Gower Street,*) "It not only injures the complexions, but the carpets also. Why, you have only to look at the carpet of a room in which the gentlemen have been smoking overnight, and your own eyes will tell you whether it is injurious or not! I have seen carpets (beautiful carpets, that must have cost five shillings and twopence a yard, if they cost a penny) in such a disgraceful state that a blackbeetle, I am sure, would eat himself rather than walk over them!"—Mrs. Blue Stocken, (*Minerva Hall, Bath.*) "If it is not injurious, perhaps you would have the kindness to inform me the reason why we ladies are not allowed to smoke!"—Miss Twentyman, (*Willow Lodge, Brixton.*) "It's all fuss and nonsense, and I quite lose my temper when persons question me about the injuriousness of tobacco. Of course, it *is* injurious? Doesn't it kill spiders? Doesn't it stifle gnats, and flies, and even earwigs? Isn't it used in noblemen's and gentlemen's gardens to fumigate the plants? Are not our hot houses and summer houses smoked, when we want to get rid of the vermin? and, really, I half wish, sometimes, that it would have the same effect on the gentlemen, when they will persist in injuring themselves (and annoying us) by smoking, hours after hours, to the abominable extent they do! If I was called upon to say what a man was, I should answer it by giving this definition:—'Man is the only animal that smokes.'"—Mrs. Bloomer, (*Lecturer on the Rights of Women, etc.*) "It is indisputably of injurious effect, for that which has the unnatural power of separating for so many consecutive hours the husband from the partner of his joys, cannot well be beneficial in its results, any more than it is humanizing in its relations. It is my firm conviction that it brutalizes all those who partake of it; for it has been a source of sorrow to me to notice that a husband, when he has been smoking to a late hour at his club, invariably returns to his home in a much worse temper than when he left it in the morning. He leaves happy and smiling—he returns spiritless and discontented!"—[*More answers as they are dropped into our tobacco-box.*]—*Punch.*

☞ The difficulty of refuting very silly and weak arguments reminds one of the well-known difficult feat of cutting through a cushion with a sword.

ANECDOTE OF CROMWELL.

An English merchantship was captured during a period of profound peace with France, by a vessel of that nation, and carried into St. Malo, where she was condemned, and sold for the benefit of the captors, upon some frivolous and groundless pretence. The master of this merchantman, who happened to be an honest Quaker, immediately on his return to England presented a petition, complaining of this grievance, and praying for redress, to the Protector in council. On hearing the case, Cromwell informed the council he would take the affair into his own hands, and ordered the master to attend him the next morning. After a strict examination into the particulars of the case, finding the master to be a plain, honest man, who had been embarked in no illegal traffic, he asked him if he would be the bearer of a letter to Paris. The man assenting, he desired him to prepare for the journey without delay, and wait on him again the following morning. On the next morning he gave the master a letter to Cardinal Mazarin, with directions not to wait longer than three days for an answer. This answer, he informed him, was to be nothing less than the full value of what he might have made of his ship and cargo; desiring him to tell the cardinal that if it was not paid in three days, he had strict orders from him to return home. The honest Quaker appears to have followed the injunctions of the Protector to the very letter, and meeting with the usual shuffling evasions, so common among diplomatists, took his leave on the third day, and returned without accomplishing the object of his mission. "Well, friend," demanded the Protector, on seeing him, "have you obtained your money?" Being answered in the negative, he told the Quaker to leave his address with his secretary, promising to let him hear from him shortly. Without involving himself in the delays, trickeries, and evasions of diplomatic negotiations—without the empty parade of protocols and conferences, which too often waste time, without leading to any satisfactory results—without even deigning to repeat his demand, or explain the ground of his proceeding, this distinguished statesman issued orders to seize every French ship which his cruisers fell in with, and bring them into port. In pursuance of these orders several captures were made, and their cargoes ordered by the Protector to be immediately sold. Out of the produce of these sales he paid the Quaker the full value of the ship and cargo; and sending for the French ambassador, then resident in London, he acquainted him with the steps he had taken, and the reason of his doing so, informing him at the same time that there was a balance out of the sales, which should be paid to him if he pleased, for the purpose of returning it to the French owners.

SERPENT CRUSHED BY AN ELEPHANT

From a new work by an American traveller, entitled "The Golden Dagon, or Passages of Adventure in the Burman Empire," we make this extract:—

"Shortly after emerging from the jungle into the paddy, our liveliest curiosity was aroused by the eccentric movements of our elephant, and the sudden excitement of his *mahout*, (driver,) who, leaning over the head of his beast, explored the ground before him and on each side, with curious, anxious scrutiny, conversing all the while with his huge philosopher and friend, in quick, sharp ejaculations, sometimes shrill, sometimes subdued, sometimes almost whispered in his ear. 'Old Injin Rubber' crept forward cautiously, (imagine an elephant on tiptoe,) hesitating, suspicious, vigilant, defensive, holding his precious proboscis high in air. Presently he stops short, stares straight before him with evident agitation, for we feel the mass vibrating beneath us, as when a heavily laden wagon crossed a suspension bridge. Then, hark! with trumpet pointed to the sky, he blows a sharp and brazen blast, and trots forward. At the same moment an exultant exclamation from the *mahout* tells the story in a word—'the boa! the boa!' Right in the path, where the sun was hottest, lay a serpent, such as he who charmed the first vanity, his vast length of splendid ugliness gorged, torpid, motionless, not coiled nor vermicular, but outstretched, prostrate and limp—subject, abject to the great gluttony of his instinct. 'Old Injin-Rubber' pauses, as if for instructions; he receives them on his organ of philoprogenitiveness from the boat hook. Half a dozen more rolls and lurches, and he plants his mountainous fore-foot on the head of the drunken horror—eyes, brains, blood burst out together. Like an earth-worm on the pin-hook of an angling urchin, the monster wriggles and squirms—now twisting his great girth in seemingly everlasting knots—now erecting all his length, without a kink, in air—now, in a tempest of dust, thrashing the ground with resounding stripes; till, at last, beaten out, his crushing strength all spent, even his tail subdued, he lies, and only shivers. Then again and again, Behemoth tosses him aloft—again and again dashes him to earth; till, torn and spoiled, his gold and black all tarnished with slime, and blood, and dust, the Enemy is brought to shame, and the heel of a babe might bruise the head of the serpent."

AN OHIO EDITOR ON FASHIONABLE DANCING.—An Ohio editor gives his views of several dances which he witnessed at the Inauguration Ball at Washington thus:

"The want of variety in this Metropolitan dancing was, however, fully made up by the fancy things, such as the waltz and polka. These were absolutely barbarous. The old-fashioned waltz, the morality of which even Byron called in question, is here ignored as altogether too cool and distant. The lady here lays her head on the gentleman's bosom, puts one hand in his and the other in his coat-tail pocket, then resigns herself to his embraces, and goes to sleep, all but her feet, which, when not carried by him clear off the floor, goes patting around on her toes. The gentleman thus entwined throws his head back, and his eyes up, like a dying calf; his body bent in the shape of a figure 4, he whirls, backs up, swings around, swoons to all appearances, pushes forward, and leaves the ring to the delight of all decent people."

☞ Men's countenances, more than their circumstances, indicate their condition.

☞ One of the most renowned French pulpit orators, the Abbe de Daguerry, recently remarked, in a sermon, that the women now-a-days forget, in the astonishing amplitude of their dress, that the gates of Heaven are very narrow.

A POST-OFFICE AUTOMATON.—M. Salles, *arquebusier* to the Emperor Napoleon, has invented a post-office automaton, which takes up every letter as it is thrown into the box, places it under the stamp, where it receives the post-mark and date, and throws it out again for delivery to its destination. The process indicates the number of letters thus stamped. It is said that no less than two hundred letters may be stamped by this machine in one minute. The General Post-Office has made a trial of the invention, which has turned out satisfactory, and it is now in treaty with M. Salles for machines to be furnished to all the principal post-offices throughout France. The illegibility of post-marks, so often complained of, will, it is said, be completely obviated by the use of the automaton.

"They never fall who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom." —*Byron.*

☞ GENTLEMEN AND THEIR DEBTS.—The late Rev. Dr. Sutton, Vicar of Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon, "Mr. Peech, how is it you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a *gentleman* for money." "Indeed," said the Vicar; "then how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he is *not* a gentleman, and then I ask him."

☞ "The discourse," says Franklin, "is often much better than the speaker; as sweet and clear waters often come through very dirty earth."

☞ Walpole relates, after an execution of eighteen malefactors, a woman was hawking an account of them but called them nineteen. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say nineteen? There were but eighteen hanged." She replied, "Sir, I did not know that *you* had been reprieved."

☞ A REMARK.—"Jim, that's a small boy to steal so large a sum of money."

"Oh—aye. He shows a great deal of prigcocity."

☞ THE HEIGHT OF ROMANCE.—*Gentleman of the Road.*—Halt, there!

Amelia Gunnybags (a romantic young creature)—Oh, pape, isn't this so nice? A real brigand, too! with such beautiful mustaches! How fortunate we are!

(*Old Gunnybags don't think so*).

☞ A Chinese boy, who is learning English, came across the passage in the Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," and rendered it thus: "We have 'toot, 'toot to you, what's the matter you no jump?"

☞ Seeing upon his wife's shoulder a large shawl pin, Mr. D. said, "In the military, eh? got to be Captain?" She instantly remarked, pointing to a third baby in her lap. "No, recruiting sergeant in the third infantry."

☞ Some people love to nurse a pet sorrow—it is so interesting to mope about the house, and imagine yourself a victim. A touch of real calamity is the only cure for that whimsical complaint.

☞ The attacks of the slanderer are like the bits of mud dashed on you by a passing cart. If you attempt to rub them off, you leave a stain, let them dry and they are easily effaced.

☞ The editor of a French paper, in mentioning the cause of its discontinuance, says:—"Our journal has had but one solitary subscriber, a dealer in groceries, who paid in articles out of the store. For two weeks the two editors of the paper lived exclusively on salt fish and champagne."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil. Ger & Nor	60¾	60¾
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	40	40¼
" " '85	111¾	—	" preferred	44¾	50
" " '67	113¾	—	Minehill	53¾	54
" " '68	117¾	—	Har & Lan	54¾	55
" " '85	107¾	—	Chester Valley	44	45
Phila 6 pr ct	90	90½	Tioga	12	—
" " new	86	86½	" preferred	23	—
" " "	—	—	P W & Balt	23¾	24
Cam City 6 pr ct	86	85	Long Island	13	13¾
Phila 6 pr ct	74	75	Wil'sport & Elmira	20¾	21¼
" " coupons	74¾	75	Catawissa	11¾	12
All'ny city 6 pr ct	63	64	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
" county "	65	65½	Shuyl Nav	14¾	15
Alle co R R 6's	66	70	" preferred	35	36½
Penn			Lehigh Nav	75	75
" 5 "	83¾	83¾	Morris	15	15½
" " coupon	89	89½	" preferred	37	37½
Penn 6 pr ct	90	90½	C & Del	—	77
" 5 " coupon	76¾	—	Union	11½	12¾
Kentucky 6 pr ct	100¾	103	Sus & Tidewater	8¾	9
Penn R R 6 pr ct	97	98	**BANK STOCKS.**		
2d m'rt loan '63	86	86½	North Amer	157	158
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	76	77½	Penna	111¾	112
P G & N R R "	71	72	Philada	123	123¾
Reading R R "	71	71½	Far & Mec	66	66½
" 2d m'rt "	84	90	Commercial	81¾	82
H & Lan R R "	88	90	N Liberty	60	64½
P & M R R "	78	78	Mechanics	29¾	31
Chs Val R R "	39½	40	Southwark	73	80
Tioga R R "	80	82	P Township	39½	40
Phil Wil & Bal			Kensington	71	72½
'50 R R 6 pr ct	85¾	86	Girard	11¾	12
Long Island "	69	70	Western	69	70
Reb Nav '32 "	64	65	Man & Mech	31¾	31¾
Lehigh Nav "	93	96	Commerce	70	72
Mort "	92½	93	Tradesman's	67	—
C & D C "	70	75	City	53¾	55
Sus & Tid '72 "	50	50½	Consolidation	29¾	30
Union Canal	66	66½	Pittsburg	60	—
Will'ms & Elmira			Ex'ge Pitts	60	—
1st mort 7 pr ct	96	98	Kentucky	114¾	115
2d " 7 " ct	62½	63½	Northern, Ky	120	122½
Catawissa " "	54½	55	Louisville, Ky	110	111
North Penna 6 pr ct	58½	58¾	Farmers, Ky	113	113
RAILROAD STOCKS.			Union, Nash Tenn	102	—
Cam & Amboy	127	128	Planter's, Tenn	102	—
Penna	48¾	48¾	Com & R Vick	6	6½
Res Meadow	55	55½	N O Gas Lt	128	130
North Penna	12½	13			

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 2 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	**GEORGIA.**	
Lancaster bank	40 dis	Old bks	½ dis
Erie City bk	30 dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bk of Newcastle	50 dis	Bk Columbus	no sale
NEW JERSEY.		Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Bks & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Morris bk Br'dgton	30 dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
West Grower's bk Newton	30 dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solvent bks	par	**ALABAMA.**	
Under 5's	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	½ dis
MARYLAND.		Other solv bks	½ dis
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Far & Mec bk Kent co	½ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Solv bks	½ dis
Exchange bk	30 dis	**OHIO.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solvent bks	½ dis
NEW YORK.		Bk of Circleville	85 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Canal bk Cleveland	3 dis
4th Avenue bk	½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Knickerbocker bk	15 dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	**INDIANA.**	
Mer & Man bk Oswego	30 dis	New solvent bks	½ dis
Ex bk Buffalo	20 dis	State bk	½ dis
Empire City bk	15 dis	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Central bk	15 dis	Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Champlain bk	20 sale	Other bks	5 to 30 dis
MAINE.		**ILLINOIS.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi,	21 dis
Bk of Hallowell	2½ dis	Rushville bk, Rushville,	10 dis
Ellsworth bk	60 dis	Solvent bks	½ dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Agricultural bk	20 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Amer Ex bk	20 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
Hancock bk	25 dis	**MISSOURI.**	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
Lancaster bk	closed	Bk of Tenn	no sale
VERMONT.		River Bank	no sale
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
South Royalton bk	½ dis	Small notes	2½ dis
CONNECTICUT.		Central bk	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
MASSACHUSETTS.		New bks	3 to 5 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
Bk Republic Providence	75 dis	All bks	no sale
CANADA.		**WISCONSIN.**	
Solv bks	2 dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Zimmerman	½ dis	**TEXAS.**	
VIRGINIA.		Com & Agricultural bk Galveston	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis		
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis		
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis		

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, April 13, 1857.

In Breadstuffs there is very little movement, except in meal, flour, rye and corn, which are wanted at full prices, but other articles are dull, and flour is lower, with but a limited inquiry for export. Bark is steady. Cotton has ruled very quiet, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, but prices are unchanged. The retail trade continues dull and unsettled, with but little demand for shipment—most of the eastern markets being fairly supplied. Iron is held more firmly. Groceries are firmer, with a large demand for molasses and sugar.

ASHES—The market for Pots is firm, but Pearls are dull.

BARK—Sales of 100 hhds Quercitron, at $26 for No 1.—Sales of old Spanish oak at $18@17 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—Sales of good Yellow at 25c ₱ lb.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, with a limited business for the season at about previous quotations.

COFFEE—The demand continues limited—Rio at 11@11¼ on time.

COPPER—Sales of Sheathing and Yellow Metal at about previous quotations.

COTTON—Operations reach about 1200 bales at from 13¼ to 15¼ for Uplands, and 13@13c for Gulfs, cash and time.

DRY GOODS—All the leading articles of Cotton and Woolen manufacture keep well sold up and firm, with moderate but well assorted stocks of all desirable styles, particularly of the former.

FEATHERS—Stocks and receipts continue light—Western 35@37c for good lots.

FRUIT—A cargo of 2000 boxes Oranges and Lemons just arrived, have not yet been landed. Domestic fruit is selling at about previous quotations.

FISH—Mackerel, prices range, at $11@12 for medium to large No 2s, and $7@8 for 3s; large fish continue scarce; Halifax Herring are plenty; dry Cod sells at $3.25@3.75 ₱ 100 pounds.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Receipts and stocks of flour continue light, prices are unsettled and 12@25c ₱ bbl lower than last week; sales for shipment only reaching some 5000 bbls, at $5.75@5.87½ for standard and good straight brands, $6@6.25 for extra, $6.50@6.65 for extra family—the market closing at our lowest figures. The demand for home use has also been limited within the above range of prices for common brands to extra and extra family, and $6.75@7.25 ₱ bbl for fancy lots. Rye Flour has been scarce at $4 ₱ bbl. Sales of Pennsylvania meal at $3.12½@3.21 ₱ bbl—closing with more sellers than buyers. The inspections for the week ending the 11th inst. are 10,855 bbls Flour, 3,292 bbls Corn Meal, 40 puncheons do, 502 bbls of Rye Flour.

GRAIN—About 10,000 bus Wheat have been disposed of, at $1.40@1.45 for fair to prime reds, and $1.50@1.62 for white. Rye comes in slowly, at $1@1c for Pennsylvania. Corn—sales of some 30,000 bus, mostly at 65 for good Southern yellow afloat, 63@64 for Pennsylvania in store, and 63@63c for white, also afloat, and 60@61c for old—the market closing nearly bare at these rates. Sales of Oats at 46@47c for Delaware, and 42@43c for Pennsylvania. Barley is scarce, with further sales of Barley Malt at $2.

GUANO—The demand is increasing, but prices are unchanged.

GINSENG—There is very little offering or selling, and quotations are nearly nominal.

HEMP—Prices are looking up in the west, but we hear no sales.

HIDES—Prices are fully sustained and firm, but the want of supplies limits operations, and no sales of any consequence have come under our notice.

HOPS—Continue in demand at 7@9c for eastern, and 11@13c for western.

IRON—Some 2000 tons of anthracite have been disposed of, in lots, at $38@39 for No. 2, and 27½@28 for No. 1, on time. Some makers now refuse our highest figures. Of Scotch pig the market is nearly bare, at $35@37. Manufactured iron is steady, with a moderate business in rails and bars.

LEAD—Holders are asking an advance.

LUMBER—Sales of white pine lumber scarce and wanted. Sales of Susquehanna at $19@21, and yellow pine boards at $14@16, mostly at $15. A small cargo of eastern hemlock sold at $1 50 for laths, and $6 50@7 for 4 foot pickets.

MOLASSES—Sales of over 2000 hhds Cuba, to arrive at from 27 to 30c, on time, for clayed and Muscovado—the market closing with an upward tendency.

NAVAL STORES—Rather more doing in Spirits of Turpentine at 42c, cash, and 43@43½c, on time. Nothing new in Rosin, Pitch or Tar, and the Rosin very scarce.

OILS—Sales of Lard Oil, winter, at $1.15@1.20. Linseed at 81@81—some holders ask more. Fish Oils are moving off more freely, but the sales are mostly in lots from store at steady rates.

PLASTER continues scarce and in request.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is selling at $22¾@23 and city Mess Beef at $19.50@19 ₱ bbl. Bacon at 13@14c for Hams, 12@12½ for Sides, and 10½@11 for Shoulders, cash and short time; Green Meats are dull within the range of previous quotations. Lard—Sales of bbls and tierces at 14½@15c for Prime Western, and kegs at 15c. Butter is in demand at 18@20c for roll, the latter for prime; solid packed is dull at 14@16c. Cheese is unchanged.

SEEDS—Sales of Timothy at $2.25@3, Mink $2@2.50, Raccoon 20@50 and 62½, red Fox $2@3.25, grey do 30@37½, Musk Rat 20@25 each, and Deer Skins at 20@25c ₱ lb.

RICE remains quiet at 4¼@4¾—the latter for prime.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has fallen off—some 5000 bushels only having found buyers, within the range of $6.75@7.50 from first, and $7.50@8 from second hands, closing dull; Timothy is dull, from $2 to 2.50

SUGAR
FROM THE AFRICAN SORGHUM.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Sorgho or Chinese Sugar-Cane, and the Imphee—Specimens of Sugars Exhibited—Manures, &c.

The Farmers' Club was called to order at the rooms of the American Institute New York, Judge Livingston in the chair, and a large attendance of members present.

Horace Greeley introduced Mr. Leonard Wray, of Natal, South Africa, who has had more experience in the culture of the various species of *Imphee*, (including the Chinese sugar-cane,) than perhaps any other European, and has succeeded in obtaining as fine crystallized sugars directly from the juice as those resulting from the Louisiana sugar-cane. He is referred to as the highest authority by M. Vilmorin, of France, Count de Beauregard, and the illustrious gentlemen of the Imperial Acclimation Society, and has visited this country, on invitation of a Governor of one of our Southern States, for the purpose of cultivating the varieties of the new sugar plant which he considers most valuable, and to introduce the methods, discovered by himself for obtaining the valuable product of crystalized sugar. His arrival at this moment of our first experience with the sorgho cannot but be considered most opportune, and the very valuable information which he possesses will be of first consequence in its prospective bearing upon our national revenue.

Mr. Wray commenced by stating that he had discovered, growing wild upon the south-west coast of Caffraria, the curious plant *imphee*, which was in common use amongst the natives as an article of food. He had been so favorably impressed with its qualities as to undertake protracted journeys to collect new varieties, and met with such success as to procure no less than sixteen distinct kinds of greater or less saccharine richness. Some of the more precocious ones will complete their growth in three months, while others require as long as four and five.

The names of the sixteen varieties are as follows:—*Nee-a-za-na, Oum se-a-na, Boom-se-za-na, Shla-goo ga, Shla-goom-dee, Vim-bis-chu-a-pa, E-a-za-moo-de, Zim-moo-ma-na, Zim-ba-za-na, E-both-la, E-thlo-sa, Boo-ee-a na, En-ya-ma, Koom ba na, Sec-an-gla-na,* and *E en gha*. The first four of these are of quick growth, and will produce one crop of sugar at the North; the others are suitable for the South, and some of them will give two full crops.

For feeding to stock Mr. Wray says there are no crops possessing an advantage over these *Imphees*. They are fully equal to southern cane, and are greedily eaten by every description of stock. He had fed his horses, cattle and pigs on them. The idea has been advanced by some in this country that the *bagasses* (stalks which have been crushed for sugar-making) would be good food for stock, but Mr. Wray had lost some animals from making use of them, and on opening their stomachs after death the fibrous Sorgho stalks were found to have formed into hard balls and accumulated in such indigestible masses as to cause death. If, however, the *bagasses* had been fed with the scum which is removed from the boilers, this bad effect would not have been experienced. If fed green, as are cured corn stalks, there can be no more profitable or nutritious article employed, and for this alone its cultivation would be profitable. These crushed stalks, or *bagasses*, make an excellent paper, and Mr. Wray has samples in England which are superior to straw paper.

Judge Meigs desired to know if there was much value in the seed. Mr. Wray said that offered for fowls there could be no better, and that from his African Imphees very fine bread can be made. The Chinese variety is not so good for this purpose, because of the bitter pelicle which surrounds the seed proper, lying under the outer black hull, but he had a process for obviating this difficulty. The seed would have an immense value for the manufacture of starch. The amount practically obtainable is forty five per cent., and is more easy of extraction than that from the farinaceous Mexican corn; and from the ease of its manufacture the high price of corn, it is evident that the Imphee" will be cultivated to a considerable extent for this purpose.

The remarkable vitality of the plant is shown by a statement made by Mr. Wray. He had a plantation of it on his estate in Africa, which he was obliged to remove to give place to a crop of arrowroot. The field was thoroughly ploughed at the end of the season, and the stumps removed; but the few which escaped the notice of his workmen shot up into great luxuriance of growth, and in two months and five days had attained the height of seven feet. As many as forty two stalks grew up from a single stump, and the juice of all these made as good sugar as the parent stem.

In our own country there have been similar instances during the past season. Mr. Browne, of the Patent Office, it will be remembered by one of our readers who saw the articles previously published in the Evening Post, states that five suckings have been made in Florida from one set of stalks. In South Carolina, Georgia, Illinois and New Hampshire, three two have been obtained; and we may safely calculate that as a fodder crop both the Chinese and these new African varieties will give us at the North two crops of excellent nutritious forage.

Olcott, of the Farm School, asked if the saccharine matter from the seed hulls could be procured in such quantities as to make it a profitable department of industry? Mr. Wray replied that as yet the matter had not been definitely settled. He had not supposed it would; but that an extended experiment might prove to the contrary. The taint is abundant in the envelope of the seed of the Chinese variety of sorgho. Fowls which had been fed on the seed were found to have been tinted even to the cellular structure of their bones. Their dung was colored of a purplish hue, and could be readily distinguished in the yard from that of fowls which had not partaken of the seed; but this peculiarity did not lessen its value as a food.

He had not tried it as a feed for horses because of its extreme high price; and when sent out to Kaffirland the natives told him not to feed horses on it, as it made them "puffy." Olcott exhibited specimens of ribbon colored with the dye from the hulls of the sorgho and stated that he had scraped off some of the waxy efflorescence from the stalk, and burned with a clear flame. Mr. Wray said that production would not be of consequence, the small quantity obtainable and the process of the operation of scraping it from the stalks, would much more than counterbalance any profit from its sale. He thought the computations made by Mr. Hardy, the Director of the Imperial Nursery at Hamma, Algiers, could not be considered as at all practically valuable.

The seed heads should be thoroughly dried before the stripping of the seed is attempted, and can then be threshed out with flails in like manner to wheat, barley or other grain.

Professor Mapes inquired if the sap in the stalks will sour on exposure to the atmosphere, as is the case with the Louisiana cane, and if the crystallizable property was injured?

Mr. Wray stated that on one occasion he had been absent from his estate when the canes were ready to be harvested, and his Kaffirs, thinking he would return within a day or two, had cut up and stacked his entire crop. He was not able to return, however, until after the expiration of a fortnight, and he then found that about one inch of either end of the stalks had soured; so, without further loss of time, he had set his men to work to remove these portions, and when the juice from them was boiled down, it made quite as good sugar as any previous sample.

The Zulu Kaffirs put the stalks into pits, which they dig in the ground, and preserve them perfectly for several months.

In regard to the density of the sap, Mr. Wray adverted to a trial which had been made in Martinique, upon the estate of the Count de Chazelle, the object of which was to decide the comparative densities of the sugar-canes from the celebrated Grand Terre districts and of Mr. Wray's *Imphees*, both of which had been grown by the Count. The result was that the latter showed a density superior to the former by 3½ degrees. The sugar-cane gave 7 deg. Baume, and the *Imphee* 10½ deg. This richness is quite remarkable, for ordinary Louisiana cane does not average higher than 7½ to 8, if we remember aright, and it shows what we may in future expect from the introduction of this valuable plant to the domain of our national agriculture.

The quantity of juice to be obtained from the stalks was dependent upon the power of the mill. Count de Beauregard had sixty per cent.; but his mill was an imperfect one. Under favorable circumstances, as much as seventy per cent. might be calculated upon, and of this, seventeen per cent. was crystalizable sugar.—The quantity of sugar per acre he estimated at three thousand pounds, but both quantity and quality would be controlled by the perfection or imperfection of processes of manufacture. Mr. Wray had discovered the only successful method of obtaining the sugar which has been made public. M. de Montigny, Count de Beauregard, and others, had sought in vain for it, but he had been fortunate enough to arrive at a complete success, as was proved by the samples of sugar which he exhibited to the Club.

Several specimens were shown. One of them is not purged of the molasses, because Mr. Wray desired to prove that the syrup from the *Imphee* possesses no unpleasant flavor. We tasted it, and found it very pleasant in flavor, reminding one of maple sugar. Another sample had been purged; it presented the appearance of fine *clayed Havana*. The crystals are firm and sharp, and the taste is not different from good Havanas, which are now selling in the New York market at 11 and 12 cents, by the quantity.

If Mr. Wray is not amiss in his calculations as to the yield per acre, or if we can obtain but one thousand pounds, what an immense gift to American agriculture is he about to make! Our rapidly waning crop of sugar is at once exchanged for the greatest abundance, and a vast source of wealth is open for our farmers. He has already expended some twenty thousand dollars in his experiments and attempts to introduce it into Europe, and it is to be hoped that his visit to our country may prove remunerative in proportion to the importance of his discovery to ourselves.

Inquiry was made by a gentleman present, in regard to some suitable crushing apparatus. Mr. Hedges, the inventor of the Little Giant Corn and Cob Mill, said he had invented a mill for this purpose, which he had exhibited at the recent Fair at Washington, and received a silver medal. He had planted some five hundred hills of seed in a hot-house in Philadelphia, and would be able to crush the cane and make sugar as early as June 1st, which would be in ample time for the next fall's crop. His mill, of which he showed a cut, consists of three vertical iron rollers, of great strength, one of which is firmly anchored in a beam set in the ground; the other two are attached to the platform, so as to revolve simultaneously with the progress of the horses. The canes are fed to the rollers from a feeding table, the expressed juice runs down through a shoot, and the bogasses drop out at the opposite side.

Horace Greeley spoke of Mr. Hedges's new steam boiler, for cooking food for stock, &c., and moved the appointment of a committee to go to No. 197 Water street to examine it. The chair appointed Mr. Greeley and Messrs. Pardee and Olcott on this committee.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET APRIL 13.

There has been a fair amount of Beef Cattle offered at the yards to-day. The whole receipts were about 1400 head. The market opened with a brisk demand, and last week's prices were fully maintained, but the rain commenced about noon, and the best cattle having been picked out, the market began to drag, and the morning's prices could not be realized, and a good many head were left over.

The offerings at the Half's Head consisted of 737 head. The following were the principal sales:

Hathaway & McFilen sold 50 head of Lancaster county, fair and prime quality at 10¾a11¼c.

B. Seldomridge sold 91 Ohio fair at 10¾a11½c.

J. Seldomridge 66 head of Lancaster Co., prime quality, at 11¼12c, and two pair extra prime at 12½.

J. Cochran sold 21 Lancaster Co., at 10¾11.

Scott & Kimble sold 18, and Kline Barr 25 at 10¾a11¾, as in quality.

Mt. McQuaid 35 head of Illinois fair at 10¼11.

89 Virginia were sold at 10¾12

A. Davis, of Chester county, sold 12 head, his own feeding at 12.

Underwood & Chandler, 28 Chester co, at 10¾11.

Alexander & Pyle sold 12 Chester co, at 11a12.

Scott & Kimble sold Chester co, at 11a12.

Landis & McConnell sold 85 head of Lancaster co at 10¾a12

John Todd 50 head Cassidy at 10¾11.

John Green sold 22 head of Western at 10¼11.

The balance sold in small lots, as in quality, from 10¼11.

200 head were offered at the Avenue Drove Yard, and mostly sold at 10¾a11, as to quality.

The offerings of Cows and Calves at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue, were 230 head, sales ruling dull at from $25 to $45 for fresh Cows, $20 to $30 for Springers, and $15 to $27 for Dry Cows.

Of Hogs the receipts at Shippers' Yard were about 2,300, all of which were sold at $9¾@9¾ the 100 lbs, the demand being in advance of the supply.

The Sheep and Lambs—The supply has materially fallen off. The receipts this week foot up about 4,000 head. 1,500 head were sold to-day at the Avenue Drove Yard, at $3,50@7,25 per 100, gross, in lots of 25 and upwards.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 222—Adults 83, and children 139.

☞ To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression. Another good mode, is to gaze regularly every week upon the Saturday Evening Post.

NEWS ITEMS.

THOMAS CARLYLE has been appointed trustee to the proposed gallery of national portraits in England, in the room of the late Lord Ellesmere.

SERVANT AND SCHOLAR.—A correspondent of the Banff (Scotland) Journal says:—"The student of most mark this session at King's College is a Mr. Donald Robertson, a farm-servant from Speyside—a man who holds the plough during summer, and with his earnings in the field keeps and educates himself at College in winter. As a mathematician, he is said to display wonderful power and quickness."

A SNAKE WITHIN A POTATO.—The Chicago Journal says, "That Mr. Charles T. Day, of the North Side, yesterday showed us a boiled potato, which on being opened was found to contain a small snake over two inches long. It is an ugly looking thing. The 'development' took place at the dinner table."

A HEAVY HAUL.—The Newburyport fishermen are engaged in a new method of enticing cod and haddock from their haunts. They do this by long trap lines, to which are attached a great number of hooks which are set upon the ledges, and connected by buoys with the surface of the water. Three of these lines, says the Boston Transcript, yielded recently in a single day, the respectable amount of nineteen hundred pounds of fish.

A BOGUS SHOEMAKER.—A good looking young Yankee has appeared in Cienfuegos, Cuba, with a banjo, and has set himself up as the original "Young Snodgrass." Crowds go to see and hear him. He sings the history of the murder of Dr. Burdell, set to the air of Jordan, and brings in all parties, even Coroner Connery. He is making a rapid fortune.

RETRIBUTION.—The Auburn Advertiser says a man residing in Moravia, distinguished for severity, and known as rather a hard man, in order to gratify his penchant for blood, braided a wire into the lash of his whip with which to cut his horses. His little boy brought the father again and again not to do it, but he was inexorable. He finished the cruel instrument, but at the very first stroke at his horses he hit a buckle, or some hard substance, breaking off a small fragment of the wire, which flew back and struck the eye of the cruel man, and put it out.

THE Pittsburg Gazette, says that in the procession which escorted Mr. Buchanan to the Capitol on the day of his inauguration, Mr. Borabisel, of Utah, was one of the Marshals. It is supposed that this choice was intended to be a sort of counterpoise in the social scale, Mr. Buchanan having no wife and Mr. Bernhisel having nine.

COUNT DE PERSIGNY has obtained from the English Government the concession to France of Napoleon's house and tomb at St. Helena. The Emperor intends to restore them as far as possible to their original state.

MR. BUCHANAN'S Cabinet is "solid" in one respect—all men of fortune. Cass is worth two millions; Cobb and Floyd half a million each; Thompson a million.

JOHN DEAN, the coachman, has been sent off to a boarding-school to learn manners and improve his education, while his bride, the fair Marianna Petrinella, has returned to her parents. It is mutually agreed that the romantic couple shall not meet together for one year, excepting in the presence of the lady's friends. This is a sensible, but rather prosaic finale of the famous Dean and Boker romance.

FREE LOVERS CONVERTED TO CATHOLICISM.—We learn from the Catholic Telegraph and Advocate of the 4th inst., that Dr. T. L. Nichols and Mary Gove Nichols, of "free love" notoriety, were baptised on last Sunday afternoon, in St. Xavier Church, Sycamore street, Cincinnati, by Rev. Father Oakley, Rector of the College, having been duly converted to the Catholic faith. With them were also baptized a daughter of Mrs. Nichols by a former husband, and a Miss Hopkins, of the free-love Yellow Springs institution.

From the following paragraph in the Telegraph it appears that the spirits were the instruments that effected these wonderful conversions:

"It is not a little remarkable that on either side of the Atlantic, at the same time, the spirits have advised their mediums, Mr. Hume at Paris, and Dr. Nichols and family here, to seek salvation through the church. If they are good spirits, we can easily see the motives of this advice; if bad ones, they are like those who went out of the possessed, as we read in the Gospel, confessing Jesus Christ.

Dr. Nichols, in the name of himself and wife, has written a retraction of his free-love and infidel teachings, in a letter to Archbishop Purcell, which is printed. The pith of the document is in the paragraph following:

"In the infinite mercy of Almighty God we have been led, by what has seemed to us the direct and miraculous interposition of the Holy Spirit, and by the blessed teachings of St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier, to the renunciation of infidelity, and to the humble acceptance of the faith and guidance of the church. In deep humility and contrition we submit ourselves to her divine order, we accept what she teaches, and we repudiate and condemn what she condemns. Whatever, in our writings and teachings, and in our lives, has been contrary to the doctrines, morality, and discipline of the holy Catholic Church, we wish to retract and repudiate, and, were it possible, to atone for."

A LESSON TO FRENCH MOTHERS.—A person in rather a high position has just obtained from the Civil Tribunal of the Seine a separation from his wife, with the right of keeping his child, in consequence of the following circumstances: The child had the measles, and its medical attendant declared its life to be in danger, but the mother nevertheless continued to prepare her toilette for an evening party to which she had been invited. "You cannot leave the child who is dying," exclaimed the husband. The wife replied that it was impossible for her to remain away from the party without breaking her promise, and being guilty of a want of politeness. The husband again remonstrated with her, but in vain. She insisted on going to the party, if only for an hour. The husband then informed her that if she carried her intention into execution, the door would be closed against her on her return. The wife left for the party, but on her return home was refused admittance. The Tribunal has decided that the husband was perfectly justified, and has furthermore ruled that a wife who forsakes her child in illness forfeits her conjugal rights.

DISEASES TO WHICH RAILWAY ENGINEERS ARE SUBJECT.—At one of the late sittings of the Academy of Medicine, M. de Martinet communicated a note relative to an affection peculiar to engine drivers and stokers employed on the railways. The Gazette des Hopiteaux, in alluding to the subject, states that these men have their respiration affected by passing through the strong current of air; and that the inhaling of the oxide gas and the carbonic acid which escapes from the fire-place affects their nervous system, and frequently deprives them of that presence of mind which is so necessary for men who have the lives of thousands of persons in their hands. The paper recommends the directors of the different lines to reduce the labor of these two classes of servants by doubling their number, and to adopt the plan of a protecting framework over their heads.

AMERICAN TEA A FAILURE.—A correspondent to a Southern paper, writing from Greenville, South Carolina, says: "I am within a few miles of the place where the experiment was made of raising tea. It has proved a failure. The plant will grow well enough, but wages are too high in this country. We cannot afford to pick, to roll up and dry any sort of leaves here for half a dollar per pound. In China, where a man is hired for one dollar a month, and boards himself, it may be done."

☞ SMALL BOY.—Say, look a' here! my ma don't want you to sew our wood any longer. Here's a man says he'll do it less.

GERMAN WOOD SAWYER.—Go an' deel your mudder dat I don't shaw it no longer dan she dells me to; yust der same length. Dat Doitchman gan shaw it less ven I gets through, if you vants 'm ter!

☞ It is a prevalent error to use the French word *sepuee*, as though it signified an exposure of something wrong. It simply signifies a recital, detail, explanation, or exposition of a series of facts; as, for example, a financial *expose* or statement. The use of the word in the evil sense of an exposure of what is fraudulent or clandestine, is a mere vulgar error, arising out of a foolish fondness for using fine and foreign words, instead of our own plain English.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, PEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
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E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 93 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

SUBLUNARY BLISS.—

When at eve thou sit'st reclining,
By thy quiet homestead door,
And the Sun's last rays are shining
On thy smooth and polished floor—
When thy thoughts are blissward tending,
Free from sub onary woes,
And thou thinkest scorn of wending
Thy way to buy a suit of clothes;
Then may "Hobson's choice" constrain thee
To wise resolve, like other folks,
And no terrestrial cares restrain thee
From going straight to Granville Stokes'

Fashionable Clothing Emporium, No. 39 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

JOHN CHINAMAN IN THE STREETS.—Two particular Chinamen have attracted much attention about the streets, lately. Their fat, Asiatic faces and odd costume, make them curious objects to a promiscuous crowd. The coats worn by the Celestials are something like boys' linen blouses; but nothing like the elegant Youths' Clothing sold at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. R. & W. make a splendid display of clothing for both youths and adults.

MANY WHO SUFFER FROM HEADACHE AND NERVOUS DEBILITY are ignorant that the real cause, in most instances, is a deranged state of the stomach and digestive functions. The Oxygenated Bitters are peculiarly adapted to the cure of these symptoms.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—We refer the reader to the advertisement of this popular remedy. It is highly recommended by all who have used it, and has effected wonderful results by its magic influence. We know of gentlemen in this country who have been almost bald for years, had their hair entirely restored to its former luxuriance and beauty, by the use of Wood's Hair Restorative.—*Lagrange Reflector.*

For sale by all Druggists.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov25-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

FINE, beautiful Hair—let black or brown—
Or tresses curling and golden
Is the certain result—without chance or doubt—
Of the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its excellence and universal popularity. The Ladies unanimously pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the Hair after it has fallen out—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy—cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff—and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.

Beware of counterfeits. HEATH, WINNOOF & Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery of all kinds, 63 Liberty St., New York. apr4-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 28 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of Feb., 1857, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. GEORGE ALLEN, to Miss EMILIE THORNTON, of Frankford.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. THOMAS B. JENKINS, to Miss JOSEPHINE SIMPSON, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JOSEPH BLACK, to Miss MARY J. RITCHIE, both of this city.

On the 11th of Feb. by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, to Miss REBECCA W. WRIGHT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM W. WEBER, to AMELIA, daughter of John F. Winchman, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE A. SHIELDS, to Miss MARGARET L. YATES, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. R. W. Greenlaw, Mr. JOHN FISHER, to ANNA UNDERWOOD, both of Manayunk.

On the 8th instant, by John D. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. ENOCH CAMP, to Miss ELIZABETH A. PENICKS, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, D. D., Mr. THOMAS B. MACK, to Miss MARGARET C. COLBERT.

On the 8th of Jan. by the Rev. T. A. Parsley, Mr. ANDREW S. COX, of this city, to Miss LYDIA B. SULLUM, of Lewistown, Del.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JOHN FULTON, to Miss MARGARET SMITH, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. BENJAMIN P. ROGERS, Jr. to Miss MARY E. VAN DANT, all of Frankford.

In Manayunk, on the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. CHRISTIAN W. BEHARR, to Miss EMMA THOMAS, both of Manayunk.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. G. Washington Jerman, Capt. JEREMIAH SCHELLINGER, to Miss ANNA C. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. WILLIAM H. KAOWN, to Miss SARAH ANDREWS.

On the 12th of Nov. last, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. JOHN MOULDEN, to JANE E. ALDTON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM FERGUSON, to Miss SARAH A. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. E. J. Way, Mr. CHARLES T. LETHERBURY, to Miss MARY S. SLACK, daughter of Cornelius Slack, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. Fein, Lieut. D. S. STANLEY, 1st Cavalry, to Miss ANNA M. daughter of Surgeon J. J. B. Wright, U. S. A.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. H. S. Spackman, M. CONNELL, to Miss C. C. CASH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. SARAH VANDEKIFT, aged 71.
On the 7th instant, JOHN CAMPBELL, aged 47 years.
On the 6th instant, MARTHA, wife of Albert Oakes, aged 35 years.
On the 7th instant, JACOB WATSON, aged 87 years.
At Moorestown, N. Jersey, on the 7th instant, LYDIA B. GRAVES, formerly of Philadelphia.
On the 8th instant, WILLIAM J. son of James R. and Mary A. Herryman.
On the 7th instant, MARGARET ZELL, aged 59 years.
On the 8th instant, HENRY DREW, aged 72 years.
On the 8th instant, Mrs. ANNA GERTRUDE, relict of the late Geo. Gideon, aged 46 years.
On the 8th instant, LEWIS GRIFFITH.
On the 7th instant, ALFRED H. son of Alfred and Martha A. Richardson, aged 3 years.
On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Edw. Eaton, aged 24 years.
On the 7th instant, DUDLEY TYNG, son of Geo. G. and E. E. Hazard, aged 2 years and 4 months.
On the 6th instant, PAUL, son of Paul and Eliza H. Summerell, aged 16 years and 10 months.
On the 7th instant, GEORGE H. son of Cornelius Jr. and Maria Dewees, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 6th instant, SARAH MORRISON, aged 35 years.
On the 6th instant, Mr. EPHRAIM QUIG, aged 38 years.
On the 6th instant, JAMES, son of Jas. and Ellen Ferry, aged 1 years.
On the 5th instant, GEORGE HOCKER, aged 75 years.
On the 5th instant, in Montgomery county, Mrs. ELIZABETH THORNTON, aged 75 years.
On the 5th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE SIDNE, aged 69.
On the 4th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, wife of John Betterton, aged 30 years and 8 months.
On the 4th instant, in Burlington, N. J., MARGARET FARKER, aged 75 years.
On the 5th instant, CHARLOTTE E. H. GIBON, aged 20 years.
On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARY M. wife of Henry Welsh, aged 39 years.
On the 5th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Danl. and Mary Sibert, aged 10 years and 3 months.
On the 5th instant, LIZZIE, daughter of Anna M. and the late Saml. Briggs, aged 5 years.
On the 4th instant, ELLIE E. wife of Thos. H. Belcher, aged 26 years.
On the 6th instant, ANNA J. daughter of Wm. P. Hibbard, aged 22 years.
On the 6th instant, Mr. PETER GRAIN, Jr. aged 44 years.
On the 5th instant, Mr. EDWARD STRETTON, aged 51.
On the 4th instant, SARAH JANE, daughter of John and Lydia Stillwagon, aged 3 years.

HOLLOWAY'S WORM CONFECTIONS.—Many children are sickly, feeble, and drooping from the effect of worms. These confections are a safe and effectual remedy. They are what are called vermifuge worms when they exist in the human subject, and are perfectly pleasant to children, of children. Any child that will eat candy will take these freely. From hundreds of business letters in our possession we select the following:

Dr. P. P. Whitesides, a practicing physician in our city, says:—"Knowing the active principles in their composition, which can in no wise prove injurious to the patient, also, the facility with which they can be administered to children, make them in my estimation preferable to any Vermifuge now before the public."

William Tuer, Druggist, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes—"I could send you numbers of certificates as to their efficacy in expelling worms."

J. C. Dubois, of Ulster county, N. Y., says:—"I find they are far better than any and all other worm medicines I have ever sold being perfectly pleasant and entirely effectual.

Office of Board of Domestic Missions,
"No. 821 Chestnut street, Philada."

"Having used 'Holloway's Worm Confections' in my family, and found them thoroughly effectual in expelling Worms, I take pleasure in recommending them to others. They are so pleasant in form that children take them readily, a decided advantage which they possess over the more nauseous Vermifuge. R. C. DE ARMOND."

Philada., April 3, 1857.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
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Wit and Humor.

TO A GINNY-FOUL

That comes and squawks under my winder periodikly and makes me mad exseedinkly.

You miserable speckled critter, you!
What'n thunder 're squawking about?
Does anythink hurt you bad? Or do you squawk
That way in Ginny, where you come from,
And so squawks new from educational pregudice?
What'n mischief do you pull your homely head
Out'n from under your wing and squawk for?
What's under your wing to make you squawk,
You speckled "cuss!"
Somethink offensive, I reck'n, elsewise
You'd keep it there, for it looks better hid.
What do you get on the fence and squawk for?
Do you see anythink alarmink, you white-gilled,
Speckle-feathered, squawking fool!
How do you spose a feller can read or rite,
Or sleep, or live, you discordant old bustel
Brass French-horn, with all the keys open,
And the mouth-piece cracked?
I wish I could pixes you, you everlastin', perpetual
squawkink machine!
What're you thinking about! home?
You rascally epitome of a Ginny war-gong,
A Congo tum-tum and conch-shell,
And a down-east village brass band!
Dry up! you speckled parody of a machine shop!
Do you think that's music, you outrageous vocal atrocity?
You boiler-maker's exacerbated echo!
You squawking abstract of Pandemonium,
Do you think a feller can afford to furnish boot-jacks
And so forth to chunk you with daily, dog you?
Maybe you think its funny, you speckled pagan of Afrikin extraction!
Is your squawkink, *ease?* or are you *'feared of me, say?*
You brazen-throated, sheet-iron-lunged culmination
Of foul creation! Here's my blackin' brush at you!

—*Literary Filibuster.*

THE GAMBLER AND COL. G——.

Some years ago, during a sojourn in Montgomery, it was the writer's good fortune to be numbered among the friends of Col. G——. The colonel was one of those in whose breast the milk of human kindness overflowed. It was his misfortune that he was never able to say no. And to so great an extent was this weakness carried, that it had become a notorious fact that the colonel would lend money to any one on the first asking rather than refuse it. But so often had his good nature been imposed upon, that he had established a rule for his own government, which he was always careful to explain to applicants for funds, and usually did so after the following style: "Want ten, do you? Well, you can have it! But when can you pay it back? You see I've got a good deal of money loaned out around; and I like to keep it circulating, but I like to know just about the time when it's going to get around back to me; and I hate to be disappointed. A man that disappoints me once, never gets any more money from me." Thus, it became notorious that Col. G—— would lend money to any one on the first asking, and if they were prompt in payment, they could "take him for his pile," at least so it was supposed. Acting upon this supposition, one K——, a notorious gambler, applied to the colonel, one day, for one hundred dollars, rather doubtful of his success, however. G—— was staggered; but catching his breath, and overcome by good nature, he replied: "Want a hundred!—certainly you can have it; but when will you pay me back? I always want to know when *my money is coming*, as I may want to use it elsewhere. Fix your own day, but be prompt on the day you fix; *for a man that disappoints me once never gets any more money from me!*" K—— took the money, promising to return it on the following Wednesday; and, punctual to the day and hour, he did return it, borrowing from all his friends to enable him to do so. According to general supposition, his credit was thereby opened with G—— to any extent; and, two weeks after, his friends pressing for payment, and wanting a "stake" for himself, he applied boldly to G——, nothing doubting his success. "Colonel, let's have a couple of hundred for a day or so, will you?" "Can't," says G——. "Sorry, but can't, really—you *disappointed* me so about the last; and I told you that a man who disappointed me once never could get any more money from me." "Disappointed you?" said K——. "Why, colonel, you mistake your man; I paid you to the hour and minute!" "Ah! exactly," said G——, "that's just it. You see, *I never expected to get it!*"

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.—A little girl we wot of, not yet far advanced in her third year, has gathered into the little pincushion of her memory some remarkable sharp ideas of "propriety" in language and conduct. Having, for instance, learned from the conversation of older and less innocent people that legs are out of fashion, and that it is more elegant to say *limbs*, she is amusingly scrupulous in her observation of all such nice distinctions; and the way she reproved her eldest sister, the other day, is worthy to be recorded in the annals of infantine "table talk." They have an Aunt Isabella, whom the sister, aged six, calls "Auntie Belle." "You shouldn't say '*Auntie Bellie*,' lisped the little three-year-old; 'you should say *Auntie Thtomach*.'"—*Louisville Journal.*

PRAYING DEFINITELY.—It is told that when Minister Miles prayed for rain, he left nothing uncertain. He said—"Oh, Lord, Thou knowest we do not want Thee to send us a rain which shall pour down in fury, and swell our streams, and sweep away our hay cocks, and fences, and bridges; but, Lord, we want it to come drizzle-drozzle—drizzle drozzle for about a week—Amen." It required practice to make a smooth and moving prayer, and a slow-tongued man sometimes hesitated and lost his flow; one such thanked the Lord for all kinds of mercies and benefits; and, being a little confused, said, "We thank Thee—we thank Thee—also—for the many barrels of cider Thou hast vouchsafed us."—*Elliott's New England History.*

LOGIC.—*Eddie* (a very smart boy.)—"Pa, how many chickens are there on that dish?"

Parent.—"Two my son."

Eddie.—"*No*, there are three. This one is one, and that is two—and don't one and two make three?"

Parent.—"Well, then, your mother may have one, I'll take the other, and you may have the third for your dinner!"

BELOW ZERO.—*Jones* (who thinks that Smith has been a little too free with Mrs. Jones.)—"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments."

Smith (who isn't in the least frightened.)—"Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

A DEAD FAILURE.

We were returning from the great "Boston" and "Fashion" race on Long Island, and as it is generally the case at such a time, there was a queer crowd upon the train, and the conductor experienced considerable difficulty in collecting his fare. In the motley mass was a seedy looking Dutchman, who took a seat in front of us, and we noticed as the collector of the tickets and the "rhino" approached, he twisted about uneasily, and looked particularly nervous. At length the dreaded money-taker stood confronting him.

"Fare, sir," said he, extending his palm.

"Didn't I pait you before?" answered Hans, with a wretched effort to look surprised.

"No, you didn't paid me before." Come! fork over."

"Vell den, I 'spose I pays you agin," said the Dutchman. "I dosn't vant no troubles about;" and he continued feeling in his pockets. After much fumbling, he pulled out a suspicious looking Spanish dollar, and handed it over.

"Look here, my fine fellow," said the conductor, rubbing his thumb over the coin, "that won't do with me! You must pass off your bogus money on somebody greener."

"Vot ist de matter?" queried the Dutchman, as he took the coin back.

"The matter is," said the conductor, beginning to get impatient, "that your money is bad, and you must pay or get out of the car."

"Mein Got!" exclaimed Hans, "ef dat is a pad toller, ten te tam rescal on te track sheot me—for I pet him mit toller, und I vins, he gif me dat yust as I was git inter de cars."

"Well," said the conductor, "if you bet a dollar with a man and you win, and he paid you just as you were getting into the cars, you have not had a chance to spend any money since, and so you must have the dollar you bet with him—hand over."

"Oh, yas!" and the Dutchman's jaw fell "about a foet." "Oh, yas! I had a toller to pet mit him; mine vas a pad one too."

Hans had to walk.—*Spirit of the Times.*

LIFE IN MINNESOTA.

Human nature is human nature here as elsewhere, and it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and most all kinds a small part of it, for instance this settlement.

First, then, comes Ben Baily, a sort of half loafer, half speculator. Ben had been "laying around loose" in the village for two or three months, asking every one he chanced to meet, where he could find a good claim, until at last, tired of the universal answer, "All taken up," he started out with the intention of finding one on his own hook. In a few hours he came back in high glee. He had found a claim, and was full of wrath and indignation at the settlers who had told him the land was all taken up.

"All flam—all humbug—plenty of land—got one of the best claims in the County—nobody ever seen it—all fools and jackasses," and a great deal of other abuse, was Ben's reply.

One day he went to work on his claim in earnest, built a house, cleared land, and so on. He then took another pre-emption man down to see his improvements. Ben said he had not been to but three corners, but they would go down to the other and see how it looked. To the utter astonishment and chagrin of Ben, before they got there they came upon a clearing of about ten acres, and a rather old-looking log house, while a sturdy Dutchman was chopping wood before the door. Ben walked up to him and said,

"I have taken this claim."

"Ven you take him?" says Dutchy.

"Three weeks ago," says Ben.

"Tree weeks ago? Veil, I takes him ten years ago, and pre-empts him two years ago."

Ben had to leave them diggins, but he will probably look at every corner next time.

THE MAYOR of our city (Cattsville), is very sensitive where the honor of the city is concerned, and very jealous of every other town in the county. Last Sunday the Methodist minister, being a new preacher on this circuit, was preaching on the destruction of wicked men in general, and wicked cities in particular, and referred to the cities of the plain. The mayor looked at him with a watchful and jealous eye, and when he spoke of Sodom and Gomorrah, he sprang to his feet, and shaking his fist at the preacher, roared out in a voice of thunder, "Sir, don't you refer to Cattsville!"

The scene can better be imagined than described.—*Cor. Yankee Notions.*

A CHILD'S IDEA OF WASHINGTON.—A short time since, a little boy of four summers, was carefully examining some pictures, among which was one of the tomb of Washington. Taking the picture up, he asked his mother "what that picture was;" he was told that it was a picture of Washington's tomb. The little fellow thought a moment, and looking up, said:

"Mother, I don't see how they ever got *so great a man as Washington into a tomb!*"

A REAL TRAGEDY.—The history of Sweden records a very extraordinary incident, which took place at the representation of the Mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the Cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated our Lord; who, falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the Holy Mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against Longinus, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him.

A SINGULAR DEVICE.—Jews and other travellers in Persia, finding it nearly impossible to carry any articles of value or money about their persons out of reach of the light-fingered robbers who so abound all over the country, are actually known to convert their gold into one costly diamond, or other precious stone, which they thus secrete. The fleshy part of the shoulder or other part of the body is opened by a lancet, and the gem being introduced, a stitch or two secures it in place. The festering of the sore but helps the more completely to disguise the purpose of the wound!

☞ A whimsical comparison being made one day between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox gallantly observed that he thought the similie bad; "for," said he, "a clock serves to point the hours and a woman to forget them."

TOUCHING.

FRIEND.—"—— and what become of her?"

BUS DRIVER (WITH EMOTION).—"Well! She wos took away from me—and got into bad hands, yer see—and soon went all to pieces. Dear! Dear! She wos werry beautiful! Such a shape! and such a lovely color! (*Sighing.*) Hah! I shall never, never see—such—another—bus agin!"

Agricultural.

APRIL.

WORK TO BE DONE.

Any farmer who has not at this time fully prepared his land by manuring and ploughing, and finished the majority of the work noted in our last month's article, may consider his season as lost, for no industry can now retrieve him unless the season be backward.

To such as have been more industrious we would advise a careful reading of our article for last month, and after completing the work there noted, then to proceed with the following if not anticipated by an early spring.

GENERAL FARM WORK.—Early part of this month light sandy soils intended for general crops may be ploughed, and indeed spring ploughing for sandy soils is preferable to fall ploughing; for although clayey loams are benefitted by winter ridging, and the consequent pulverization from frequent freezings and thawings, still sandy soils would not be improved by similar treatment, as they would suffer by working, &c.

Although clayey soils, as well as all others should be ploughed as early in the spring as practicable, still they should not be disturbed while *wet*. The action of the plough is to compact them in lumps, and thus render them unkind and non absorbent.

Such fields as were ploughed last month, but are not yet planted, should be run through by the cultivator immediately before planting, so as to have the surface of the ground thoroughly disintegrated just before sowing the seed; such fresh surface insures rapid vegetation, and buries half germinated weeds too low to interfere with the regular crops. Top-dress winter grain with Improved Super-phosphate of Lime mixed with damp charcoal, Plaster of Paris, or loam, as you now wish to press forward the plants, which could not be done with propriety in the fall, for fear of their being too forward, and thereby more liable to be winter-killed.

Attend to water courses, drains, &c., as during the early freshets your mowing grounds may be rendered uneven in growth, by uneven irrigation. If the season has been backward, you may still sow spring wheat, barley, oats, rye, field, peas, &c. Beans, early potatoes, &c., may now be sown. Flax and hemp sow. Attend to pastures. Do not turn cattle too early into pasture grounds before the grass has had time to start fairly, and the ground has become sufficiently hard not to be disfigured by them. If you intend to fatten cattle in the fall and winter, you should now plant out carrots, parsnips, &c. You can raise eight hundred bushels more of Belgian carrots to the acre, and they will do more service for your cattle and milch cows than four times the quantity of ground appropriated to either hay or corn crops. Cleanse cellars from putrescent substances; plant Indian corn; sow Lucern; attend to the extermination of insects, &c.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—This is the month for gardening. All esculents intended for raising seed should now be in the ground, and if not done before, do not delay. Be sure they are not in the vicinity of others of the same genus, or they will be sure to hybridize and thus spoil each other.

Keep the unplanted soil in motion, and hoe and weed former plantings. Make artichoke plantations; asparagus; beet seed; sow late broccoli; start summer cabbages, cardoon, carrots, celery; sow cress; start cucumbers and melons in frames ready to put out in settled weather; (pots) sow endive; make plantings of horse-radish; plant corn; sow leek seed, lettuce, mustard seed, nasturtium; sow onions early, both for crops, and closely for pips for next year's planting; put out pips of last year's growth, also top and potato onions; parsley; parsnips; plant peas, potatoes, sweet potatoes; continue to sow radish seed; plant rochambole, rhubarb, salsify, sea-kale spinach, tomatoes; sow turnip seed, caulo raps, brassica raps, esculenta, &c.; pot herbs, &c.

Attend to dressing artichoke and asparagus beds, &c. Plant medicinal herbs, &c. Transplant from hot-beds to open ground, lettuce, cauliflower, broccoli, cabbages; and in proper weather, egg-plants, peppers, tomatoes, &c., &c.; pumpkins, squashes, &c. During dry days, water seed beds, late transplantings, &c., until established.

Plant Lima beans, melons and cucumbers in pots under frames, ready to set out as soon as the weather is permanently settled; by using small boxes they may be put out in place much earlier than without. Those who have no hot-beds or frames, may turn a sod, grass-side down, in a shallow box, and then cut the sod with a sharp knife in lines two inches apart, and running in both directions across the box, thus it will be cut in squares; plant a Lima bean in each square in the manner directed in our article on the kitchen garden; place this box opposite a window in a warm room, and plant out the squares around the poles when the weather is settled.

SMALL FRUITS.—See our directions for last month, and attend well to destroying insects.

ORCHARD.—Look well to peach trees, and see that the peach worm is not at work. Pour boiling water on the lower part of the trunk near the ground, and if a sufficient quantity be used it will *cook* the worm without injury to the tree; we have tried it fairly, and are well convinced that even three gallons of boiling water may be so used without injury, to each tree.

Place the salt and lime mixture, about peach trees, and if the *shortening-in* of peach, apricot, and nectarine trees, was neglected last month, attend to it this month.

Manure trees, and recollect that they require cultivation. Attend to preparation of scions early, and graft such trees as require it. See *Downing's Fruit Trees of America* on this subject.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Read *American Flower Garden Directory*, by Buist. See our directions of last month. During the latter part of the month attend to planting out dahlias, and, if required early, use hot-beds, propagate by cuttings. Dahlias may be grafted, (Buist, p. 102.) All hardy annuals and biennials should be sowed by May 5th, and all those that are tropical by the 15th. Anemonies and ranunculus should be shaded while in bloom by temporary awning, &c.; when done flowering expose and water freely. Tuberoses and amaryllis, may still be planted. Tie up carefully all plants that have heavy heads and tender stems.

GREEN HOUSE.—Finish re-potting early, give air freely to such plants as were re-potted last month and are now established, or they will draw spindly. Leave all open every mild night, and but few hours can now occur that will require sashes closed in the day time. Waterings require now to be both copious and frequent; woody stalks will flourish with less water than those of a soft nature that are growing rapidly; such require water daily. Syringe leaves every other dry day, and thus arrest the ravages of insects. Prevent mildew by drying up spilled water, and if any plants are mildewed, dust them with sulphur. Do not over-water succulent plants.

If oranges and lemons, which may be swelling their buds, be not fully aired, they will drop them when afterwards exposed. Ventilate, if practicable, from the back of the house, as drawing down the sashes will not create sufficient draught alone.

Sickly plants should be cut back early in the month, that they may gain strength before being put out; cover the wounds with shellac dissolved in alcohol. Hydrangeas do not require much sun, but they should now have plenty of air.

Fumigate plants affected by insects, and tie up climbing plants. About the first of May remove most of the half hardy plants from the green-house. *Geraniums*, while flowering, should not stand too near other plants, or they will spindle.

ROOM OR PARLOR PLANTS.—See our directions last month. Eastern windows should be now preferred to southern ones; the sun is now too powerful, and the morning sun being more congenial than that of the after part of the day, even west or north windows are now preferable to those opening toward the south. Such plants as become dusty, should occasionally be put out to advantage by light showers, being careful not to permit them to be drenched.

Give air by opening windows as often as practicable, and at all times during the day raise the sashes a little. Roses and geraniums should be kept very near the light, or they will lose color and become pale. Plants that have been in the cellar during the winter, should be exposed by the end of the month, (May 1st,) unless the season should be unusually late.—Re pot or plant out such as require root-room. Keep hydrangeas in shady situations. Cleanse wood and foliage as early as practicable. A little pulverized wood charcoal on the surface of the earth in the pots containing parlor plants is always advisable, and by changing it two or three times during the season, it will be found to prevent bad odors, and to increase the thriftiness of the plants.

When potted plants are placed in the ground, some earth should be drawn up about the stems, so as to form a cone to lead off the excess of moisture, and very few plants that have been housed during the winter will stand the full sun in early spring and summer, therefore the warmest exposures should not be selected for them.—*Working Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

NEW WAY TO COOK TURNIPS.—A good way to cook turnips, is to slice them thin and fry them in fat, as you would potatoes.—*Cor. Michigan Farmer.*

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Rub the spots with soap; then scrape some fine chalk over them. Rub it well in; expose the linen to the sun. Repeat the application until the spots are removed.

TO CLEAN MAHOGANY AND MARBLE FURNITURE.—No soap should ever be used for them; they should be washed in fair water, and rubbed with a clean, soft cloth, till dry. A little sweet oil, rubbed on occasionally, gives them a fine polish. The furniture should be rubbed over with a cloth dipped in oil, then rubbed over with a clean cloth till it appears dry and polished. White spots on varnished furniture may be removed by rubbing them with a warm flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine. Ink spots may be removed by rubbing them with a woollen cloth, dipped in oil of vitriol and water mixed, being careful not to touch any part of the furniture that is not spotted. As soon as the ink is extracted, rinse the spot with pearlash water, and then with fair water.

HOW TO SELECT GOOD MOUSERS.—I will give a rule which I received from a young German, and which I have seen tried enough to know that it is good, if it is a cat story. A poor cat is about as bad as rats. The German's rule was, when the kittens were old enough to be playful, to catch a mouse, and holding it by the tail, give the kittens a chance to play with it; some would grab at it eagerly, while others would be entirely indifferent. The former he would save, and in this way I have known several who have never failed to obtain good cats. —*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

TO TELL GOOD EGGS.—If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water; if the butts turn up, they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

CARROT PLUM PUDDING.—Boil some carrots till they are tender enough to be pulped through a colander; take a quarter of a pound of the pulp, half a pound of potato, mashed and boiled very fine, a little salt, half a pound of flour, four ounces of moist sugar, four ounces of butter melted, two ounces of candied orange peel, and three-quarters of a pound of currants; mix all well together over night, and boil it four hours. When the pudding is taken out of the pan, let it remain in the cloth about three minutes before serving up. This will be found a very excellent pudding.

CARROT FRITTERS.—Beat two or three boiled carrots to a pulp with a spoon; add to them six eggs and a handful of flour; moisten them with other cream, milk, or white wine, and sweeten them; beat all well together, and fry in boiling lard. When of a good color, take them off, and squeeze on them the juice of a Seville orange, and strew fine sugar over them.

WHITEWASH FOR OUTHOUSES AND FENCES.—As the season of the year when considerable whitewashing is performed is near at hand, we give the following receipt for mixing the composition, which is said to be first rate:—Take a clean barrel that will hold water; put into it half a bushel of quick lime, and slack it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, stirring it until quite slaked; dissolve in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt, which will cause the whitewash to harden on the woodwork in a few days; add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick whitewash.

To make the above wash of a pleasant cream color, add 4 pounds of yellow ochre.

For fawn color, add 4 pounds umber, 1 pound Indian red, and 1 pound lampblack.

For gray or stone color, add 4 pounds raw umber and 2 pounds lampblack.

The wash may be put on with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much more durable than common whitewash.

JAPANESE CIVILIZATION.—In personal appearance the Japanese are fair, and have a pleasing expression of countenance; and their urbanity and kindness to strangers, as well as to each other, is very remarkable. During the time we were in their ports, although our decks were daily crowded with them, I never saw the smallest expression of annoyance or bad temper; and whenever anything that was likely to be curious or interesting to them was pointed out to their notice, instead of pushing and crowding to get a sight of it, as the English would do under similar circumstances, each man seemed most anxious to occupy as small a space of room, and to impede his neighbor's view of the object, whatever it might be, as little as possible. In short, they appear to be naturally a kind-hearted and polite people. Dr. Ainslie, in his report to Sir Stamford Raffles, states that the Japanese females mix freely in society, and are under none of the restrictions imposed by the Chinese on the ladies of the "Flowery Land;" but though several of the fair sex are said to have gone on board the "Morrison," not one favored us with a visit, although hundreds of men were continually on our decks. It may readily be supposed that the numbers coming in and going out of the ship would give an easy opportunity to any one of them, so disposed, to steal such small articles as he might take a fancy to; but, much to their credit, not a single instance of even an attempt at theft occurred while they were with us. —*Halloran's Eight Months' Cruize.*

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—It is recorded of the Marshal Luxembourg, that he took his mistress to the house of a celebrated Parisian artist, in order that she might see the likeness of the Marshal, and sit for her own. When, however, she saw the portrait, she declared she had never seen any person like it. The Marshal knew that this was mere prejudice, and persuaded her to go once again to the painter's house, after the last sitting, assuring her that if she should not then be perfectly satisfied, he would cease his importunities. He had contrived, with the assistance of the painter, to thrust his own face through a canvass hung where the picture had before been placed; but she, on perceiving it, persisted in asserting that it was no more like than before. Upon this the Marshal could not keep his countenance, but, by laughing aloud, discovered at once his stratagem and her obstinacy.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ "Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a young lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROS.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 3, 14, 6, 9, were three daughters of Nox an Erebus.
My 13, 2, 9, 14, 15, was one of the muses.
My 5, 3, 4, 12, 16, were infernal deities.
My 7, 9, 14, 18, 16, were rural gods.
My 17, 19, 10, 11 15, 13, 8, were three daughters Pherays and Cets.
My 20, 3, 13, 9, 12, was the daughter of Aeriaius, King Argos, seduced by Jupiter in the form of a golde shower.
My 9, 2, 17, 13, was the ship that conveyed Jason and companions to Colchis—and reported to have be the first man-of-war.
My 5, 3, 7, 14, 19, 10, was a son of Jupiter and Le between whom he and his brother immortali was alternately shared.
My whole is an American poetess.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 2, 13, 12, 5, 7, is a lady's name.
My 11, 4, 3, 13, 9, 2, is a county in Alabama.
My 13, 4, 5, 3, is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 6, 7, 2, 3, 12, is an animal.
My 2, 5, 1, 2, 5, is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 7, 12, 10, 11, 7, is a city in Spain.
My 12, 5, 2, 1, is a city in Peru.
My 4, 5, 11, 10, is a city in Russia.
My whole is the emblem of a mighty nation.

Indianapolis, Ind. I. T

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 4, 9, is a name given to *certain* bodies of water.
My 2, 9, 12, is the name of a river in Europe.
My 7, 8, 3, is the name of a river in Europe.
My 10, 11, 3, 6, is a title of nobility.
My whole is a distinguished personage of the present day.

Fayette, Pa. A. G. E——

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 17, 22, 23, is a river in Austria.
My 12, 10, 15, 10, 26, 17, is a figure of Geometry.
My 8, 9, 10, 22, was an English actor.
My 18, 5, 17, 1, 25, is one of the five senses.
My 13, 6, 4, 17, 23, was a title of Pluto.
My 1, 2, 7, 15, 6, 27, 22, 17, is a department in France.
My 7, 20, 11, 18, is an English astronomer.
My 23, 14, 7, 24, is a town in Austria.
My 8, 9, 24, 21, 16, 17, 16, was an English port.
My whole was an English General. CINROS

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, though wrong,
Most politicians will do;
That my third is a vowel,
You will find most true.

My third is the first number
Which two figures must express;
If you are as industrious as my last,
My whole you can guess.

Gallia Co., Ohio. NELL C

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a note in music.
My second is our common lot.
My third is a letter of the alphabet of the class of pirates.
My whole is a part of the human family. T. E. C

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am king, and no tyrant
E'er ruled with such sway;
As my subjects fall prostrate
By night and by day.
Though not king by nature,
But adopted on earth—
And humanity groaned,
When invention gave birth
To a monster so cruel;
So dead to all shame,
That widows and orphans
E'en blush at my name.
How oft the devoted
My praises have sung—
And my name has been spoken
In every tongue—
Till I'm known in all nations,
On land and on sea—
And the proudest of earth
Have been beggars for me.

Wauseun, Wisconsin. PHUDEL FLOKID

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st in every house does abound,
My 2nd is a portion of the deep blue sea,
My 3rd in winter is always found,
My 4th is used by those who drink tea.
My 5th you'll find is the hunter's friend,
My 6th in schools is much used of late,
My 7th the poor does always attend,
My 8th is seen in the lane by the gate.
My whole you'll find is the name
Of a Yankee author of great fame.

Warren, Vt. HA

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tree 196 feet high, standing on the bank of a st 66 feet wide, broke, and fell directly across the st so that the top just reached the opposite bank pieces hanging together where broken. At what h did the tree break? CHA'

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When the weather is extremely foggy on the Mississippi river, what part of mankind is it like? A Why "Old Fogies" to be sure.

☞ Why was Daniel Webster like a mirror? His was always reflecting.

☞ When writing, if you dot your i's with a needle, what great man do you resemble? Ans.—a dot. (Bernadotte.) W. K

Princeville, Ill.

QUALITIES OF LETTERS.—Which three letters of English alphabet are the most forcible? N R ergy.) Which two are the most hateful? N V, Which two contain the least? M T, (empty.) four are the most corpulent? O B C T, (obesity) two the most faded? D K, (decay.) Which four a title of honor? X L N C, (excellency.) Which the most wearisome? N U E, (ennui.) Which are a mournful poem? L E G, (elegy.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CONGRESSIONAL ENIGMA.—Robert Fulton tle Britain, Lancaster Co., Pa. MISCELLANE ENIGMA.—The Inauguration of James Buchs BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—He that eats the ki goose shall be choked by its feathers. CHARAD Snow. CHARADE.—Wheatland. RIDDLE—PROBLEM.—21½ 42-47 rods.

APPLE TREES BY THE ROADSIDE.—In many, it is common to line the highways choice varieties of the apple. The o marks alternate trees by tying to them string, which, in that country, means, "L leave this fruit, you may have the rest;' we have been told, though we cannot vouc the truth of it, that the public generally the contract faithfully.

☞ There are three sorts of nobility, nat divine, worldly, and moral; the divine de upon the power of God, the worldly up greatness of our birth, and the moral up liberty of our mind.